

SEVEN GREAT STORIES of the FUTURE

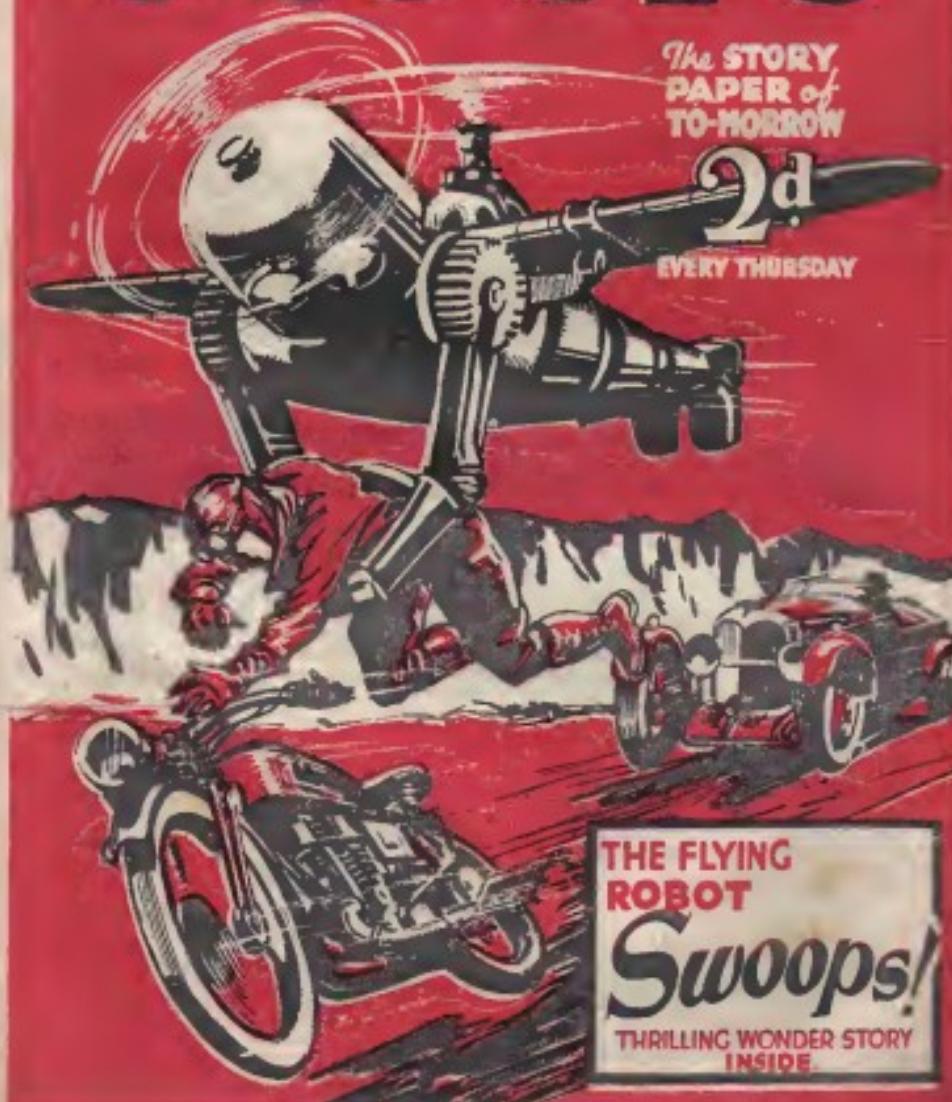
SCOOPS

The STORY
PAPER of
TO-MORROW

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EVERY THURSDAY

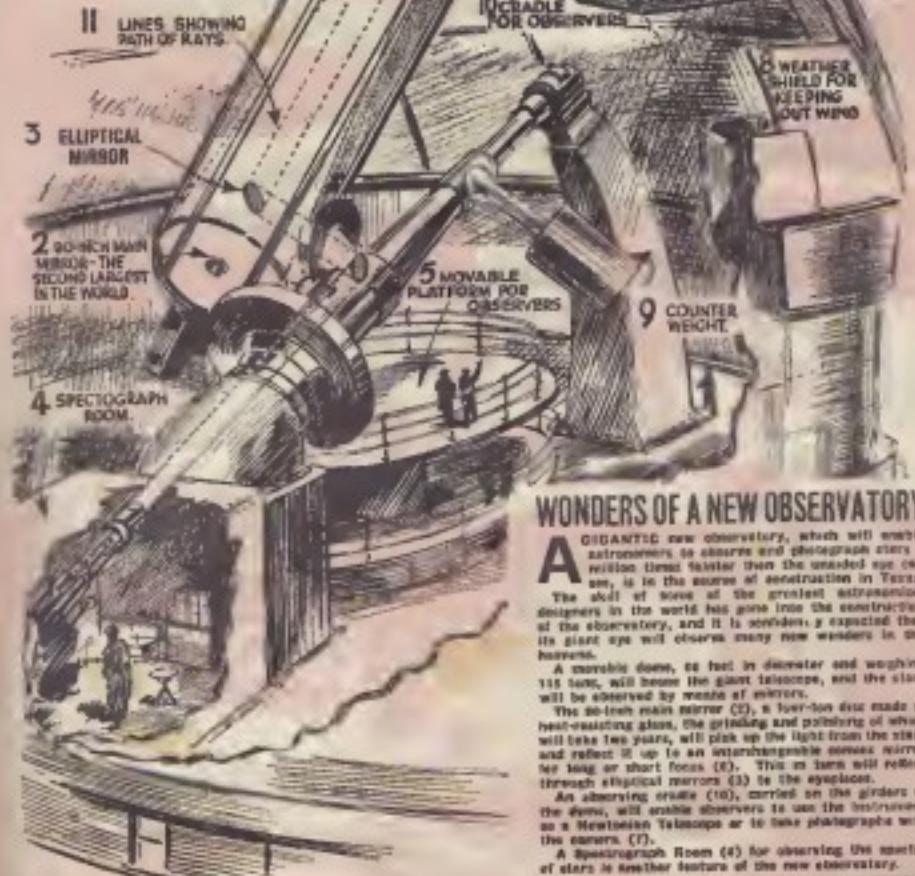
THE FLYING
ROBOT
Swoops!
THRILLING WONDER STORY
INSIDE.



GIANT EYE to Search the HEAVENS



I MARS AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE



WONDERS OF A NEW OBSERVATORY

A GIANTIC new observatory, which will enable astronomers to observe and photograph stars a million times fainter than the unaided eye can see, is in the course of construction in Texas.

The staff of some of the greatest astronomical designers in the world has gone into the construction of the observatory, and it is confidently expected that its giant eye will observe many new wonders in the heavens.

A massive dome, 22 feet in diameter and weighing 115 tons, will house the giant telescope, and the stars will be observed by means of mirrors.

The 20-inch main mirror (5), a 10x-ton disc made of heat-resisting glass, the grinding and polishing of which will take two years, will pick up the light from the stars and reflect it up to an interchangeable convex mirror held long or short focus (6). This in turn will reflect through elliptical mirrors (3) to the eyepieces.

An observing cradle (6), carried on the girders of the dome, will enable observers to use the instrument as a Newtonian Telescope or to take photographs with the cameras (7).

A Spectrograph Room (4) for observing the spectra of stars is another feature of the new observatory.

March 10, 1934—SCOOps

The FLYING ROBOT

IT FLIES! It speaks! It sneezes! A new terror of the Wonder World. Gangsters are after it; a Foreign Power wants it; but the Flying Robot has ways of its own.

* THE GANGSTERS SWOOP

A FAST sedan car and a big lorry were drawn up on the lonely glass road. And the guys that got out from the lumbered-up hall a dozen men numbered, "You guys ready?" G.K. they'd."

Spike Pirelli, big brown topcoat covering his skin frame, and black hat pulled low over his passing eyes, greeted the words.

Riding in the driving seat of the saloon, he watched while the others moved up the side of the path like an incoming army. The foreman flagged the squat shape of a Thompson machine gun; the car gripped heavy-hands assassin of an American pilot.

Spikes watched them as they made for the big, glass-fronted building half-way up the glen.

A strange new recruit had brought him and his gangsters from Chicago. He wanted the wonderful Flying Robot which the famous British scientist, Gravell Horner, had created after years of experiment. And Pirelli was determined to get it.

All arrangements had been made for getting the Flying Robot away. The lorry would take it to Storn Point, where Spike's own yacht waited. And then it would be on its way to America.

But it failed to take the guarantees of the Flying Robot by surprise, however. Pirelli was doomed to disappointment.

Within the domed building there now stood. They were peering into the glass screen of a camera obscura, and it showed the figures of the approaching gangsters clearly in its depths.

Gravell Horner, tall, distinguished-looking, pushed a thin hand through the mass of silver-grey hair which covered his broad head.

"Spike Pirelli!" he sneered. "Come to take the 23rd for free? I was afraid of this when I refused to sell it to his gangster organization. And we are practically done."

One of his opponents wiped chemical-stained hands on his white coat-sleeve and looked a little sheepish. Dr. Welden, the scientist, was too old and gentle to be a fighter.

But the third member of the trio was a different proportion altogether. Lynn Roberts had joined Horner straight from a famous English "Varsity," where he had assimilated the grey-kards with his scientific and mechanical knowledge.

Long hours of study in laboratory and lecture room had not prevented him from wanting a bigger man, and he had strived for eight to victory these years in succession.

"These fellows will have to fight for it,



Getting their terror, the gangsters were dashed away as the Flying Robot rose into the air.

then." He stopped. His gaze wandered in the great metal figures which neared towards the huge glass dome of the scientific workshop.

Now, with its monstrous legs and arms of flexible steel, energy stored and great, distorted head, before the men loomed silent.

But then the suddenly snorted. Wings were folded back from the leg shoulders, there was a great bellowing roar in its chest; the eyes were lightning circles, and where the mouth should have been was the nose of a last-darter.

By remote control, the wonder Robot could walk, talk and fly, and it could travel equally well through water. In its great case it could carry as much as a ton over the ground or through the air, yet its telescope fingers were so sensitive they could pick a selected pea from a cushion filled with peas of various sizes.

In microseconds beneath the Flying Robot could be a terrible force for evil. That was why Horner had offered an offer for his creation from Bulgaria, a foreign Power. But he had reluctantly cast up his mind that it should not be used for war purposes.

When Spike Pirelli, the famous American gangster, had offered a cool million dollars for the masterpiece, Horner had at his study the correspondence that had passed between them, but, unable to satisfy the British scientist as to the purpose for which he required it, Pirelli had also been released.

The crackling discharge of Welden's shotgun starting gun interrupted Horner's thoughts.

A full-second outside as one of the gang took the heavy ring in his elbow. Then there came the loud crackling of the Thompson, and Dr. Welden clamped down from the window with a groan.

"The roundabout!" Horner dropped on one knee beside his colleague, and sent Lynn Roberts racing for bandages and a load of water. When he had roughly bound Welden's wound, the old man was still conscious, but Horner decided he was in no immediate danger.

The young "Varsity" man had seized the fallen rifle and was now cracking drives at the window. But Pirelli's men, profiting by that lesson, had gone into cover.

Then the sharp and jar of a iron-truck crashing steadily against the stone wall made them realize that it would only be a matter of time before the gangsters broke in.

"I'm afraid they'll get what they want."

The Flying Robot "Taken for a Ride"

he told Roberts quietly. "The Robot—and the plane!"

He looked towards the brick safe in which the plane and blueprints of the mechanicals were kept, looking wistfully for a last elusive place in which to hide them. But he knew that the search which Pfeiff's men were bound to make would bring them to light.

Lyn Roberts turned from the window with a sigh.

"I'm an idiot," he said abruptly. "My motorcycle's in the garage. If I can break through the fence I can get the plane over to the car deposit in Glasgow."

The scientist would not hear of it. The car was great. He knew that Pfeiff could stop anything to get those plane and blue-prints. But Roberts was determined, and as the great double doors began to open under the gangster's orders, Hender changed his mind. Opening the door of the safe he drew out a bulky briefcase.

"Take them, Lyn," he said quietly. "And good luck."

"Thanks," replied the other, and slipping through a rear exit from the workshop he made his way to the garage.

The gleaming D.H.V. Marlin on which he came every day from his lodgings in Hillingdon stood.

Cautiously he withdrew the bulk of the garage door, but he didn't open them completely. Instead he kicked the motorcycle off his stand, headed the center. Still warm from the sunless side, the engine fired at his first kick, burring a low song of power.

"Now for it!" grunted Roberts, and drawing out the clutch, stepped into second gear.

He jerked the machine forward, so that the engine would take the main load of weight now, and then gave her half-throttle as he left the stable.

The Marlin went roaring through the garage doors, out on to the drive at the head of the stairs, and along a path that ended down the grassy side to the road.

A yell from the right caused him at the garage, and attacking the workshop, saw Jim Morris nose in, whirled about his seat, but, shouting low in the middle, Lyn Roberts released him.

He resolved the road unmarked, skidded half round and shot southwards. The barking girls took back into his throat the laugh he gave as he saw Pfeiff reaching for the gun.

The bike was a hundred yards from the stable car in which the gangster sat before the two could begin the gas through the back-and-forth of the road.

Hat Pfeiff was not lesson yet. Thinking Roberts had gone for the police, he resolved to get him at all costs.

"Stop you. Get in here!" he grated at one of his men who were standing by the motor-bike. "Follow that guy—and get him!"

One of the gangsters dropped into the driving seat of the cycle, and the other got in beside him. Pfeiff stepped down into the road and watched them drive away.

Roger screamed as the car at the wheel brought in the super-charger, and soon the saloon was rocking dangerously with his speed.

There were four horses under the ornate harness of the American car. Business Pfeiff couldn't afford to wait back in Chicago.

The driver, gigantic bolling from his seat, watched the speedster needle crop round to the seventy-five mark as they whizzed over the straight mountain road.

Away ahead, with an engine bared for safety, Roberts as fast heard the thick roar of the racing car.

They were closing him. A great left hook he was jugged with extra vim. Bob a bang . . .

He imagined they were after the plane,

and he guessed they wouldn't be afraid to shoot!

★ X7 COMES TO LIFE

"Off all the gods!" Grenville Hender groaned out in a weary voice. "Why am earth didn't I think of it before? X7—the Flying Robot. Name it up, and it can scare those gangsters out of existence. What a mighty invention!"

He was dashing across to the controls just as the door came crashing in, spattering splinters in every direction.

"Stick 'em up big boy!" The words exploded out across the workshop, and as Hender's hand went down on to the gleaming handle.

"Quick! Before I start shooting!" The scientist's hands went up, and he started to fire the wicked-looking automatic at Spike Hender's brawny hand.

"We're done for the last time," grizzled Spike. "Step away from those levers!"

The grey-haired scientist stared at him coldly.

"You won't get X7 while I'm here to prevent you from it," he said calmly, playing his fire to get at those levers.

"Is that all?" drawled the gang-leader. His eyes flickered at one end of the scientist, and the other's gun had cracked down on Hender's head.

The scientist crawled to his knees and spattered mucusions on the floor.

Pfeiff laughed harshly.

"All right, boys. Take the Robot," he said.

In spite of its kept size, being built of a bullet-proof aluminum alloy the Flying Robot was comparatively light.

Carefully the gangster tipped it forward into a mounted position, and in this way carried it out to the waiting lorry. While they moved it into position, Pfeiff himself searched the workshop for the plane and blue prints, without which the stolen Robot would be useless.

At last, with a satisfied curse, he abandoned the frontless search. The half-painted sides told him where the plane had been laid, painstakingly the motor-yacht who had escaped, he realised that it must have carried them.

"Well, that guy won't get far," he muttered, and decided to follow the saloon and the motor-cycle in the lorry. He joined his men.

Those who couldn't find room in the cab of the lorry rode on the rear with the Flying Robot. "We are patriots, and these were free in the Highlands, they would appear as ordinary workmen transporting a piece of machinery."

Pfeiff felt satisfied. He enjoyed a fat cigar as the lorry rattled along. The result of his mission had been unusually satisfactory. Once got the plane from that damned motor-yacht, and he would return to the States with a new weapon for Uncle Sam.

A claxon of shrill yell from behind interrupted his thoughts. Passing through the open entrance at the back of the cab he grasped at it, screaming right.

The Flying Robot was heading to life! The cigar fell from the gang-leader's brawny lips as he saw the ring around the engine begin spin like cotton. Thus, with a full whirling round the giant Robot rose.

The startled gangster made an effort to grab the massive, but his frantic small arms brushed them aside like flies. Two or three long, slow, belligerent puffs, pulling, from the spouting plumes of the lorry.

A low, lugubrious voice sounded from the boulder-like torso, and these came the words— "Goodbye, Pfeiff!" It sounded as if the Robot itself mouthed them down at the gangster.

Gyro-screws on the Robot's back flailed in the sunlight, and the wings of the monster unfolded like those of an albatross.

Pfeiff lay at the wheel of the lorry lost his head completely at the starting sight. The heavy vehicle still wildly across the road to career in a dead drift.

In the dusty workshop from which the gangster had stolen the Robot, Grenville Hender sat through the intention eye of his tormentors all that took place. Indeed, it was Hender himself who had brought the Robot to life.

Recovering from the gangster's cruel sleep, his own thought had been to get to the next layers. He had leapt to a panel at one side of the workshop. Little knowing that this was the control apparatus of the machine they had stolen. The Americans had ignited it.

With blood staining his face from the gash in his forehead, Grenville Hender saw watching the gangster's confusion.

"So far, so good," he said himself grimly. "But there is still Roberts—and the Americans."

He had heard the American saloon roar off in pursuit of his assistant when he left on the Norton, and realising that both the man and the papers were in danger, he directed the Flying Robot in pursuit.

Over the ringing din of metal and metal between the boulder-headed planes the metal guns flew, and at last the saloon's cold appearance in the Robot's head showed Hender the things he sought.

Lyn Roberts was in grave danger. The saloon car was almost upon him, but luckily the gangster, save of capture, removed their fire. Lyn turned a white face backwards, realising the race was nearly lost. Then he saw the gleaming shape of the Robot gliding above him.

The man in the car saw it, too, for they shot at it innumerable. But they did not give up the chase. The saloon was racing alongside the speeding figure of the motor-cycle, about to force him into the ditch at the side of the road—when at last the monster Robot stopped.

Left on eagle-like its prey it came down, outstretched arms, baring fangs. Then the powerful talon-like fingers extended, and they finally snatched Lyn Roberts from his saddle.

The two men in the saloon went on. They meant to get as many English rules as they could between themselves and their usual enemies.

Hender turned the Robot, lay low, and still holding Lyn Roberts in his arms, saw Rogers & Sons ambling back over the gleaming countryside.

It was at this moment that Marcus Loder decided to take a hand in the game.

★ THE ROBOT KILLS AN ENEMY

If anyone had asked Marcus Loder how nationally he would have replied with a shrug that he was a cosmopolitan.

Just now, however, he was acting as a secret agent in the service of the Belgian Government. A cleverly forged passport had gained him admittance to the most secret parts of the world.

With his white collar turned up at the neck, a soft hat low down over his eyes, he approached the gangster's lair of the Robot from the cover of a distant goes back, and afterwards he had carefully studied Hender's manipulation of the wonder Robot's controls through the window.

His big opportunity for piloting the Robot, the Belgians had arrived. Carefully he pushed open the door of the closed workshop.

His eyes took in the scene suddenly—the still figure of Dr. Walker lying on the floor, the scientific apparatus that lay around.

Grenville Hender, bending over the television screen, had no warning of the instant, measuring digits that crept in behind him. A reverberant roar and bell and in the

Mechanical Man makes a Kill

second time the scientist crashed into unconsciousness. His inert body was dragged into an anti-chair and the door locked upon him.

"First! Now to capture the Big One," said Lohman.

He glanced into the television screen and got a view of the countryside over which the Robot was now flying. Rolling large in one corner was a clearing of high hills held safely in the Robot's arms.

"First, find out Lohman, we must get rid of this possible foe, and to this purpose Lohman stared the metal man over the course of a swiftly flowing mountain torrent. Then, assuming the keyboard which panted from the control box, he pressed an every worked "Finger release."

Immediately the Robot released the body of the water-carrier as it showed low. A splash sounded clearly in the corner as the young man dropped into the rapid river. He was whisked away, sight, swimming desperately with the grip of the current.

The Flying Robot rose once more in answer to Lohman's hands on the controls and was hastening back to its glass domed crypt.

There was a triumphant smile on the spy's face as he stared the Robot home. In his mind's eye he glistened over the country for which he worked, striding to the compact of Europe with an army of these metal men. And Captain Lohman rewarded with high office for his part in the creation of that army!

Also, for Lohman? A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. And he possessed only the basic idea of the thing he controlled. It proved for him a frustration.

Into the glass case the Flying Robot, a stirring sight with its silvery wings, and the

gyro-vanes spanning between its shoulders, fast instead of coming to rest would the boulder as Leblanc planned. It began to circle round the dome of the scientist's retreat. Through the pell-mell Lohman could see it whirling slowly like some gigantic homing pigeon.

His silver face blanched. He realized that the Robot was out of control.

And Leblanc lost his head.

Madly he manipulated one after another of the complicated switches and levers in an effort to feel the right one. The result brought disaster.

The Flying Robot cried suddenly. Its massive metal protected head cracked into the glass pane of the dome, shattering them into a thousand splinters.

Frightened by the metal wings of the Robot folded close, automatically, and the huge figure crashed, headlong, into the workshop. Even then Lohman would have been safe, but with the wild instinct of self-preservation he ducked down, the control arm fall in the path of the Robot's fall.

Nobody could save him than XT-III the lifeless human man, crashed him to the concrete floor. He lay crushed and lifeless.

The stench of death descended on the place. For some moments nothing stirred. Then a great howling sounded on the door of the chamber in which Lohman had locked the scientist.

Gravida Horder had recovered consciousness just as the Robot crashed through the dome, and the sound of falling glass, the thunders of the Robot's fall had given her a good idea of what had occurred.

"Werner!" she called urgently, again and again. "Wake up man, and get me out of this voice penetrated into the mind in the

informed analyst's brain. Dr. Wilson sat up on the camp bed and painfully twisted his self in his feet. Then he suffered seven to the floor of the room in which Horder was imprisoned. The key was still in its lock and he turned it.

Gravida Horder stood on the threshold and surveyed the man in the outer room.

"Good heavens! The Robot has gone back—at the cost of a human life. That fellow, whatever he was, will never return again. Once on a band, Wilson, if you can. We'll shift the Robot and assassinate him."

Ignoring all their combined strength they rolled the metal man off his victim. They placed him beside the spy that the spy was dead. They carried his inert figure into the other room and laid it on a couch.

Horder's next concern was for the safety of the damage done to the Flying Robot. He made a run to XT and made a careful examination of the whale of the metal world being.

The form the Robot had assumed was curiously small. The plan of one of the eyes was shattered, but fortunately this only protected the left eyelid because upon which the robot shored his glance at.

The head-protective case was badly crumpled and one leg damaged. The iron tail of the set of the "Ingenius" were a few basis on the metal shoulder. Even the transparent glass of the television screen in the flying's board was shattered.

Stringing to the control panel Horder ran expert hands over the keys and switches. A number of glass plates, similar to apparatus to measure values, showed only the immobile signs of the Robot was weighty.

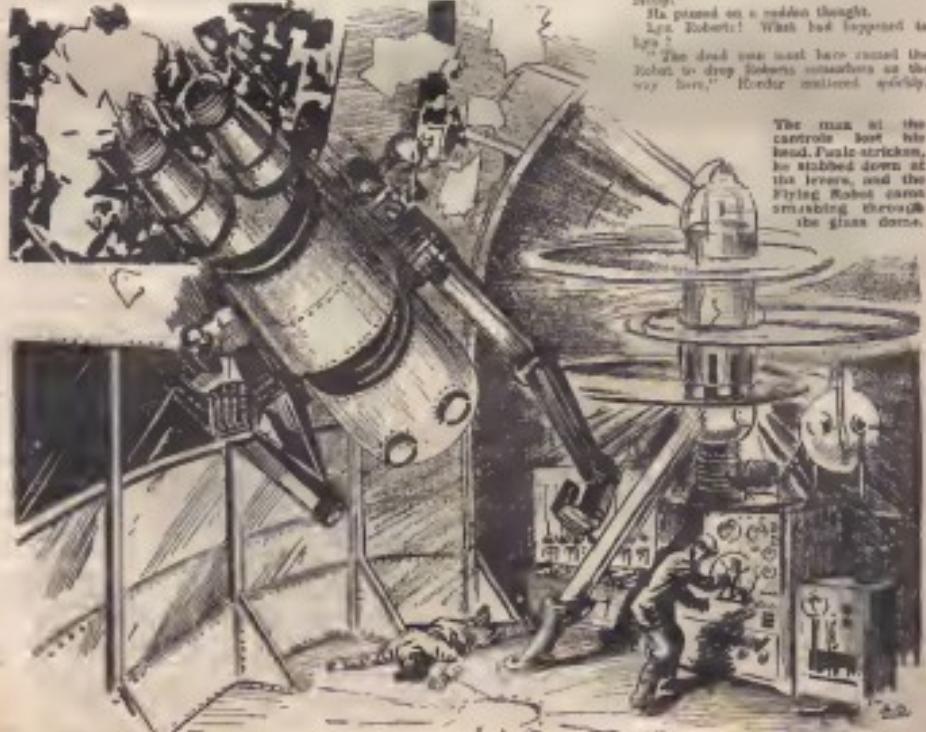
"Excellent!" exulted the white-haired scientist. "XT still works perfectly."

He paused on a sudden thought.

Lieutenant! What had happened to him?

"The dead one must have caused the Robot to drop. Rogers' commands at the very last," Horder muttered softly.

The man at the controls bent his head. Pulse-striking, he stabbed down at the levers, and the Flying Robot came crashing through the glass dome.



Flying Robot's Great Rescue

"Good gracious, he may have been killed."

A sudden idea came to him. He'd used the metal man keys over the course to land take and somehow to find the machine with the aid of the televisor.

The scientist's long, white fingers played over the keys of the controller, and as soon as the Robot strode across the floor of the workshop, through the smashed double doors and out into the glen. Here he unfolded his wings and, with the gyro-vane steering, soared up into the clear air.

Through the silvery Gossamer Border followed the Robot's course like heat rays.

He saw the white road, the brother-covered slopes, and then the Robot was flying over the valley through which the river wound its course.

Border took in the tortured surface of the flowing water, the jagged shapes of the boulders and rocks that littered the bed of the swollen torrent. In truth that was a pleasant vision where sportives fished for salmon and trout. Now, owing to his great heavy coat it was a treacherous, boiling river, deep and wide.

Suddenly Border strained his eyes so he peered closer into the screen. He had noticed a white figure clinging precariously to a giant boulder rock in mid stream. The scientist recognized his assistant.

"All right! Hang on, Lynn!" he shouted the words into the microphone, and as the words issued from the speaker mouth of the Robot which now was hovering above him,

Robots nodded to show that he had heard.

Help had come only just in time. Already his numb fingers were slipping as the sharp rock. Once he let go nothing could save him from the deadly whirlpool that spun directly in the sunlight toward destruction.

It was a delicate task to maneuver the Flying Robot. Border's fingers trembled slightly on the controls, and the slight attack of nerves proved too exciting. Down swooped the Robot, but the telescope fingers, instead of seizing the figure of the neophyte, brushed him from the rock.

He disappeared into the foaming waters.

Border groaned as he saw the young man's head bob up again, and then hurry away towards the whirlpool.

Somehow he must save John before he was drawn down into that dreadful mire . . .

★ XT GETS HIS MEN!

CLIMBING, close to the whirling waters the helpless human figure rose. He was travelling like a cork on a mill race.

But the Robot was faster. Almost skimming the bubbling surface, XT believed through the skin. And this time Border made no mistake.

Robots was almost on the edge of the whirlpool when the Robot's straight arm stabbed downward and a cry of triumph sounded in the speaker cone as at last the expanding fingers found purchase on the neophyte's waist. He was drawn up from that hungry abyss, deep and wide.

Robots was almost on the edge of the

circle of death and, safe in the Robot's arms, carried safely back to the shore.

"Thank heaven! Lynn's safe," breathed Border, as he pulled the lever that caused the Robot to set Robots safely on his feet outside the house.

"Don't speak too soon, gosh!"

The words, spoken of another nasal tones, caused Border to step round in surprise. He saw Spider Prelli standing in the doorway of the control room. The gangster's hairy toes were clasped on to a chair, and he held his telephone receiver to his shoulder's breast.

"Yeah, I've seen for the show down, Border," he said the gang-leader. "My nose twitches will allow to the other guy also to eat four times thin long oil, and this get it good. They many tricks from you and I'll believe you to Bill!"

The gang-leader was at a singing tempo all the way the Robot had reached the place. But he was caught by his hand.

The man in the saloon, dressed well for Stern Peetz and the police had packed up him and two of his men from the same of the hairy animal.

"Now you do exactly as I tell you, Border. And don't forget—do stepped the sentence, on his hand—"there's a bullet, marked you?" in the glass. I want that iron man. Border, and I went a mile. You're going to fly it for me to Stern Peetz. I'll do the rest. Get going!"

Border looked as though he was going to point point blank, but the meaning written in the gangster's hairy遵循 his aim. With a strong of recognition he turned back to the controls of the Flying Robot.

He looked as though Prelli was going to pull off the last trick.

However, however, had a strange expression as he went back as he bent over the Robot's controls.

To Prelli it looked just as though the long, sensitive fingers were playing a tune as they plucked over the key board. They won't—a tune the gangster was very fond to dance to! For as the man fell outside a chorus of frightened girls suddenly sounded. The voices of Prelli's men.

"Hello, what's the racket?" snarled the gang-leader. "If you're double-crossed me—And his finger snarled impudently around the trigger of his gun.

Next moment it dropped from his suddenly clenched hand. His eyes nearly started from his head, he stared at the great metal arm that worked through the door of the control room.

It belonged to the Flying Robot. Prelli felt himself gripped firmly in the telescope fingers, and he was dragged, struggling helplessly, out through the door. In the main hall the Robot crooked an almost human Johnson, and Prelli saw the rest of his men swept in a straggling mass of smoke and gas in the Robot's other arm.

Pushed under the Robot's great arm, Prelli and his men were borne outside the machine, the Robot carrying the ground in long strides. Then the plane to his back exploded, and, with groans whining, he melted into the smoke mass.

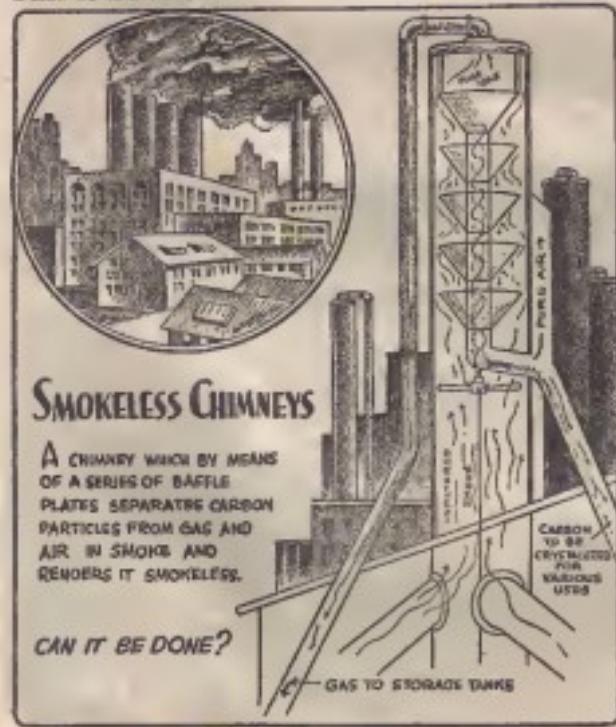
A portion of an hour ended over the main streets of Glasgow. Robots steered his metal arm to Duke Street police-station and lunged into the television as he saw the astonished bobbies peer out from the street to investigate the cause of the crowd that collected to view the strange sight.

At peeling like a lightning bolt the abdomen, stopped suddenly and dropped the glowing radiators into the lap of the law.

"This policeman were not too surprised to grab that man. The gangster was led away in a cell to await their trial, which resulted in a stiff sentence of imprisonment and subsequent deportation.

Can it be DONE?

These Inventions
are Wanted



Fog, which is caused by the number of cities accumulating with smog, costs Britain millions of pounds every year. If a reasonable robbery could be levied upon would be the answer—good for the fog. Who can invent this fog destroyer?

MASTER of the MOON

CAUGHT IN THE DEADLY SARGOSSA of Space, and Fighting the Man who would Conquer the World—the Master of the Moon

* MOON MASQUERADE

THE enormous alien sharks, the two great planet ghouls were tearing aside by side in the cold blackness of space. Slung head over hand up a rope that stretched between the two vessels were four legions, three of them in suits like those drivers, all with enormous tricorned helmets.

It was a weird, macabre scene.

Thousands of miles beneath the blinding splendor of the lunar glint, swinging in full beam with its pallid glow,

The whole picture was monstrous and awful, yet it was so sharply etched in the frigid black frame of space that every detail was clear.

Nothing could be more hideous than the ghastly mass of poly-like shapes that hung in the greenish-yellow gloom of the ship, the *Moon*. The ship was entangled in that stuff, its tiny cockpit window covered with the stuff. And the white curtain that had been drawn across the ship.

The ship looked a bit sickly and laid Algy Teller. In the diagram of a captain of the *Moon*, almighty, he was the star to which the rope.

He looked down with a shudder.

He had done bad work during this secret mission in the Moon with the boy Captain Nick Chaser, skipper of the lightning ship of yours, the *Merlin*.

While he was ensconced on the *Moon*, Lord Algy had discovered an enormous banner gay flag staff, containing Moon soldiers, up at his own ship.

The captain of the *Moon* soldiers was now lying stretched out beside the huge gas. Lord Algy had "harpooned" his uniform, and he out of the stanch had prepared himself to rip it off again.

He had passed muster with the *Moon* soldiers in the confusion of the battle on the dock of the *Merlin*, but now all around danger hovered like a tangible thing.

Indeed lost in the Universe the fearsome Moon soldiers who had captured the planet alight stood from the mad fight party.

Lord Algy ignored them, however. The child of fate in his heart was for the figure that waited on the other ship.

There was something something, tammying in the very paws of the tail, lascivious men who rolled gaily in the open air-lock chamber of the *Merlin*.

A startled look had crossed Dr. Hugo Mar-Luc's features the while he first saw Lord Algy in charge of the captured ship and the three prisoners.

He had recovered himself quickly, but Lord Algy had gone suddenly paunchy,



Picking up the Master of the Moon body in his arms, Lord Algy hurried him out into the frigid blackness.

The young *Merlin* was a kelpie with a shaved creased Moon, as a mark of rank, and he had spouted red. He was friends with the *Moon* captain, yes.

He had only just told *Saturnine* Sam at the old Merlin, thereby giving *Cook* steady space-sailor such a shock that he nearly fell he held on the rope.

"I say, you know, old chap," blustered Lord Algy. "I've seen that terrible bloke over there has spoiled me, from the old cable cap to a wave. The place is hellish, I know." Blustered astounded, that's what I call it."

The "fearful bloke" Lord Algy had referred to happened to be that abominable personage—the Master of the Moon.

The brilliant, ringleader Dr. Mar-Luc had his real scientist, Captain Nick Chaser, a grimy aboard his ship, and that was why Algy had moved the *Merlin* up alongside. But he was now beginning to wish he had not just an impulsive.

"Get to go through with it," Sam grunted as he glistened behind mouthed Algy's.

But the usually witty youngster emitted a hollow groan. The corpse pack on his back must look like a great hairy, he felt,

with the glistening Moon armor pulled up over it. And so for like big transparent helmet, blazoned in his space suit, it stared out like a lighthausse.

"I'm rankled," said Algy glossily. "Oh, dear me. He's got that ray gun in his hand, and—well, hang him, saphire!"

Algy's jaw sagged.

Chang, the best-licked Mongolian spaceman, was slumbering over the rail. He was closely followed by Sando, the treacherous black. Then the other two clambered on to the steel platform.

Doctor Merlin, standing in the cockpit-like cockpit, held the ray trained on Sam, and there was an ounce fire in his black eye.

Look Algy stiffened. He, too, had ray gun by metal buttons taken from the *Moon*, could be bad knocked out, but he knew better than that home that they would only meet pencil rays.

They were sufficient to blow a tree to nothingness, but the Master of the Moon held a queer, wavy gun that could obviously shoot a cone of blinding light that would not only disintegrate the force of them, but possibly cause the Universe to disappear in

In the Lair of the Moon-Master

The shadows were full of peril, and the last thing Lord Algy wanted was a duel with my gun.

But it was certain the master would not apologize for him.

The Master of the Moon backed his horse to the air-lock.

Lord Algy stepped forward smartly. He was going to play the part of the Moon captain to the bitter end.

The two trained fighters in the air-lock of the planet ship. It looked like a strange ceremony, but in reality it was done so that the Master of the Moon's voice could carry to his supposed listeners.

"Captain Antares, why do you wear that helmet? The Lunar Lord spoke in cold, peering tones.

"Lord Algy fought for control. He knew he had not the rigid check hoses and hand-fins of the Moon people, and the haughty Lord's eyes were his plainer shortcomings proving him. Dr. Merlin went home to note not the Moon captain.

Nevermore! Lord Algy had been beaten.

"Master," he said, "I met a young Earthling and killed him. This instant I wear as a trophy." His voice is English, but there was no show in Lord Algy's words.

The Master of the Moon nodded, appraising him. Was he playing with him the a rat with a mouse? To his bearded lips there crept a cruel smile, and his black eyes were all a-glitter.

Nevertheless, after a moment he seemed satisfied with the explanation.

"So! You killed the young English Lord," he growled softly. "You have done well, Captain Antares. Very well, indeed."

Lord Algy drew a gasping breath of relief. His last chance gone, had he really got away with it? Specified thus kind, dangerous was when personality projected through the voice world of space? It seemed too good to be true.

After a moment the Master of the Moon spoke again, promptly. "You captured the Earthling ship that was your work."

"Master, I have had to serve," answered Lord Algy, shrugging the terrible gains.

"Thus why did you not bring your Moon soldiers against me?" the Master of the Moon pointed of him. "I faced them with batheats to set away this group of space. We are drifting here the first area from whence no ship returns. Why this series?"

"Master, I have served your orders," pronounced Lord Algy.

"Then quickly, Lord Algy, leave out the Merlin with a soldier's idea of energy. Bring the soldiers across; set out to see before we are doomed!"

Lord Algy turned his face immediately and scampered on to the stage. He could not tell whether that was the command or of getting out of the presence of the lesser lord, but he was glad to get away at any cost. He was no surprised to find his whole body in a sweat as he went back across the room.

"By gad, you know, what a bummer!" he blurted. "I issued in my testimental's backfiring on him. But I didn't have along either ready, I fancy. I mean, he must be a galling sort of ass, really."

In that, however, Lord Algy was wrong.

The Master of the Moon was even then staring after him with eyes black as coal. He had known all along that Lord Algy was an impostor.

"The fool!" he snarled contemptuously.

He was planning a terrible and terrible form of death for the unsuspecting young spacefarer. Dr. Merlin had took designs in politics. But first he needed the Moon soldiers to back the dangerous spaces of space away from the ship.

Using that was done, and quickly, the planet hoofs would drift into the dead area.

Dr. Merlin had not the slightest doubt that Lord Algy would bring the Moon

soldiers across to the Master. His word had been law as the Moon as long, that the idea of an order being ignored was unthinkable.

He did not even wait to see the result, for at the point of this very gas motioned the three supposed spacefarers into the air-lock and closed the chamber. There came the hissing of air, and Dr. Merlin opened the air-lock door.

Claudia, Rancho, and Sam Pyle stepped out as they entered the Crossfield, staring in terror and crouched by the Master, Captain Nick Clausen.

The lighting whirred by on his back, arms unfastened, while over his face still hovered a few of the frosty Moon dust that his enemy had loosed upon him.

"Good!" demanded Clausen, and his steely eyes had a gleam glint as they turned from his beloved master to the bearded scion with the squat, ugly ray gun.

★ TRAPPING THE MOON SOLDIERS

LORD ALGY did open the case door of his chamber or the Universe.

There was a glass in his narrowed fingers as he approached the head of ugly looking Moon man who had captured the Crossfield.

"Take this blighten look with me! Not kindly!" he bellowed.

His hands brawled over the usual habits of the ray gun, for the Moonmen were swarming on him with unmistakable hostility.

They now knew that they had been hoodwinked; that this was not their captain at all.

These same people were terribly ugly, with right-angled faces that were covered with same old gray parchment. Eyes placed at the young Pyle as they did in the streets.

They were the picked shock troops of the Moon, and though one of them had some three fifth of the muscular strength of Lord Algy, there was enough of them to overtake him.

Like lightning the young Pyle pulled the long, thin-hand ray pistol from their habits.

"Back, you scum!" he gritted, strength in teeth. "Or... , all right then!"

One of the hideous soldiers had thrown a knife, and Lord Algy ducked just in time.

"Blessed!"

With a paroxysm rage of orange light was crackling across the deck. And the soldier who had thrown the hatchet writhed, twisted and spasmed to assume a ghastly spiral shape before vanishing altogether.

It hit Lord Algy's nerves on edge, and his fingers relaxed on the trigger.

He had no compassion about blinding these hideous people. And yet the manner of their vanishing was appalling. It behaved like suddenly, and he could not get on.

But he had done enough to teach them a lesson. The Moonmen crowded back, uttering peculiar agonies even than went through Lord Algy like the snap of a pencil on a slate.

Suddenly his mind was made up. He had to get out of here.

"Bar!" he grappled.

All idea of holding the ship and fighting with her was gone from his mind. He wanted to be out of this place with as much driving velocity of space as possible.

"Dash it, I'll go back to the others and take one of the space rays. I'll fit it with grids and stuff or else I have to do a moonlight fit."

The space rays Lord Algy referred to were the strong, incendiary-like shells on which the Moonmen had been mounted from the enormous Lunar gun.

The young space adventurer hastily prepared food from the larders, and everything else he thought they might need from the

storehouse, and mounted the ship into the Godwin's shell.

While the Moon soldiers waited him his weapon failed to leap. Lord Algy checked the model space ray down the companionway and left the airlock chamber.

The Moon soldiers crowded up in here, and at a tremendous movement of the ray gun covered back. With a groan of alarm, Lord Algy pulled the sliding door.

"Get it open up so that they can't get out," he bellowed.

He traced over of the ray plates on the ground of the sliding shelter, and pulled the trigger. The blinding orange rays played on the metal, and it ran like mad over land. When he tried the handle again, the floor was not pull back.

"Get that blasted the blighten!" he yelled with relish.

Now came his most hideous job. He burst bursting a wild狂怒, he pulled open the sliding cover door of the airlock chamber.

Overhead the stars moved steadily in the velvety blackness of absolute space. The two enormous silver ovals, surrounded by a single fifteen-foot rope, were locking the numbered steps in a rough race.

At times showers of tiny meteors, twinkling at bullet-speed, hastened the race like fireflies.

There was danger enough in the dead regions.

The Master of the Moon had said that they were drifting in the Sargasso of Space. And as far as Lord Algy could tell they were already in some sort of hole, perhaps all that remained of some planet that had been disrupted into thousands of tiny fragments many millions of years before.

And they were drifting in this great gold of space...in where?

"Dashed if I know, or ever," bawled Lord Algy. "Get to join up with the chaps."

He maintained the space gun on to the rope, and pushing it before him, clambered upwards.

He crawled perilously, his going hand over hand on the rope as he had done before, Lord Algy climbed up to the other platform.

It was still work, with the blinding white Moon drifting far, far beneath him, with clouds of rock hurtling through space close by him, and with a all the time that the Master of the Moon's beauty, known face might appear at one of the port windows of the Master.

If he saw him without the following of Moon soldiers Dr. Merlin might very well decide to send a hazing crew of rag-light fit from the air-lock, and that would be the end of Lord Algyson Tyford.

Those round parts of the rope those fingers of light through the frigid blackness, and all seemed to peck in the young adventurer on the rope. Lord Algy felt every moment to be drawn out in an agony of purpose.

Some such scene told him he was entering a fatal trap, but he stayed fast. He was not going to leave the space station or the red headed scientist, Captain Nick Clausen.

He reached the other ship, and, working like a Trojan, hopped on the top-pellets projectiles. He got a top-lip, and released the rope that held the two craft together. The Universe began to fall away below. The Moon soldiers were bunched up helpless in that other planet ship.

"Better leave the space pup here," Lord Algy breathed as he went into the air-lock and slid the door. "Dash it, wish I was back at Tyford Park putting rabbits 'round this."

The certainty that he was running his hand into a more grim strength, and yet least best a wild狂怒. Nevertheless, there was no help for it.

With many dressing palms, Lord Algy pulled the lower air-lock door.

Battle of Wits in the Depths of Space

★MOON MASTER'S GRIM JEST

LORD ALGY'S face went white as he took the毒 on the upper deck of the Master of the Moon's planet-hunting liner.

The three space-captains, Helcaraxian, Zonar, and Sterix, stood with the毒 in a line across the width of the planet ship, pinioned and gripped together by what appeared to be extraordinary spring coils attached to the wall.

Captain Nick Charles lay on the deck, writhing convulsively. His eyes had been pinched, his eyes blazed as he tried to struggle up.

While the Master of the Moon was sitting on his thrown the control chair, the primitive ray blower and gatlingher around him, as the Master of the Moon and Lord Algy he caused his crew in the Roverant station.

"Hed, Hiffrer!" Lord Algy bellowed to himself, and raised his arm in a saluting salute.

"Greetings, Captain Ambaco," mocked the evil scientist. "My Moon soldiers, where are they?"

"They come, Lord," Lord Algy returned in the deepest voice he could command.

For a moment Dr. Madax glared. Perhaps a suspicion crept itself into his mind, but he dismissed it. Like most clever men, he abominated his opponents.

Quickly the gloating triumph returned to his face. He had got the measure of the young fool.

He believed that the Moon soldiers were coming over the rays. His public, Zonarha mused was extracting the last ounce of malicious pleasure out of playing with Lord Algy.

This, suddenly, he tired of the game. He looked down at Nick Charles lying on the floor, caving back out of the dark sea of unconsciousness.

"Captain," he purred softly, with a malevolent smile, "you are before you the Moon soldier who killed your comrade, Lord Algernon Tylood. You are within the glands bound as a trophy. He has dispossessed me greatly. So much so that I promise you that your own life and those of your crew shall be spared if you do me the favour of disengaging that Blonman with a bullet from your revolver."

Through the slit Captain Nick heard the words, through the red fog before his eyes he saw the crimson bottom Lord Algy wore.

Almost before the dozen arreid's words had struck home in his brain, he slipped out his revolver.

He struggled in his seat, his bandaged face distorted.

"You say this crew killed his Lordship?" he growled.

Swung dandily he passed a bullet into the cylinder of the Colt. It seemed that in a swirl mass of blood rage Captain Nick was about to carry out the Zonarha suggestion of the bound arreid's and shoot.

Hanging grimly to the rays, Lord Algy made the perilous journey between the two planet ships hovering in space.

"My word holds good," the Master of the Moon purred. He had pushed back his space helmet on his hirsute head and was lighting a cigarette.

The three space-captains cried out to know as they watched; but the sounds were muffled by the transparent helmets they wore and Captain Nick did not hear them.

Lord Algy struggled frantically with his space helmet, snatched the match and pushed it back on his hirsute.

He found himself looking down the mouth of the gun, and he wet his lips. He tried to cry out, to tell the half-conscious arreid that he was Lord Algy himself. But in that instant of real terror his tongue refused to move out the depths of his mouth.

Then Lord Algy burst a deafening crack.

"Brrring!"

It was the last sound he heard. With that much all his breaths rolled away from him, and he fell helplessly to the deck.

The three space-captains stared in speechless horror. For they knew the truth. It was Lord Algy that Nick Charles had killed.

Unconsciously, by the sudden absence of the Master of the Moon, the famous space captain had killed the young Pen.

★ HURLED INTO THE VOID

THE unburdened space captain tattered, Torn, and now, his blue eyes shone fiercely. Even the Master of the Moon caught his breath a little at his wildish aspect.

"Well, there's one Moonman gone," Nick snapped. "Right between the eyes. He killed Lord Algy—and I'm glad I spared it."

The tragedy of it—the grim tragedy! Nick's space-mother stared. They dared not tell the captain what he had done.

The Master of the Moon laughed softly. He had compensated a frontal vengeance upon his rival scientist, but his satisfaction would not be complete until Captain Nick Charles recognized that it was Lord Algy he had shot dead.

He pictured to himself the space captain's horrified measure, and gently stroked his beard.

"You made a good job of it," he purred softly, with a devilish sparkle in his black eyes. "I see you, Captain, and I think



Death Waits in the Sargossa of Space

you will join me, when you had out what you have done."

"Perhaps," the grim voice of Captain Chase responded grimly.

"You'd better complete your work—by getting rid of the body," the Moon-Master said. "Take it and throw it out of the ship-lock."

"Good enough! I'll throw all the Moon-men past the sun-space," Captain Nick growled roughly.

He moved reluctantly to have recovered his composure now, for slumping down he lifted Lord Algy gently in his arms and made down the consciousness of the space boat with him.

But for the air-lock while she older door closed against the freezing ether, Captain Nick Chase did a strange thing.

He bent down and shook the young man severely.

"Hark, wake up!" he cried. "I shot you, too, but the bullet was a dummy one."

Slowly Lord Algy's eyelids flickered open. Recognition descended—and a treasured smile crossed his face.

"Hello, skipper! Thank Me—been having a rather nightmare. Thought you shot me."

"You're Leaching," the master replied and, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, "You faced it surely. I recognized you immediately, but I beat the old fool at his own game."

"Wip—why, dash it!" exploded Lord Algy, starting up.

Then Nick raised his hand in a warning gesture. "Hush! He's coming. Don't yell until the End yet. I've an idea. Lay down again, and I'll be back."

The space captain slumped out of the air-lock and up the companionway to the upper deck.

He had heard Dr. Merlin's footings. The Master of the Moon had been intent on intercepting Captain Nick's return when he discovered what he had done.

But the red bearded space captain met him on the upper deck.

"I've got an idea on," he growled.

"Can't open the outer door to the other."

"Come with me," said Dr. Merlin gently, adjusting his own helmet.

He led the way. When he saw the huddled-up figure of Lord Algy in the air-lock he took care to raise him up.

"See, Captain, take another look at—"

But he got no answer. Lord Algy was Tangled cause to life. The young Fair Impawned and left the Master of the Moon. All the pent-up anger that was interlocked in him he let loose in that instant. He screamed like a wild spring, and lashed the Master of the Moon with a remorseless punch to the solar pectoral.

The astute scientist crushed down with his body sliding on the mud floor of the air-lock.

Lord Algy had no compassion or mercy now. He had resolved to annihilate man, and there was something like reverie in his heart.

Jammering about his glasses helmet, he motioned Captain Nick out of the way. Then he closed the inner door and slid open the outer air-lock door. Picking up Dr. Merlin bodily in his arms, he hurried him out into the frigid blackness of space.

He went over on his feet and floated in his space suit and helmet.

Lord Algy pulled off the Moon captain's costume and buried the white thing after him.

"Bathed nation outside!" he snarled. "I was just about ready to tell him, y' know."

Captain Nick, now in space suit and helmet, came out and patted Lord Algy's shoulder. He could see that he was suffering a little from shock.

"You did the right thing," he said gently as their helmets touched. "You have put rid of a terrible menace to civilization."

400 CARS in a 1,000 Mile RALLY

Experiences of To-day
are improving the Cars
of To-morrow

Greatest Rally in the History of Motoring

Driving Skill

FOR the road test car may start from any of the nine starting points—London, Bath, Norwich, Loughborough, Buxton, Margravine, Newcastle, and Glasgow.

Fast in Class 1 must average 35 m.p.h.; fourth in Class 2 34 m.p.h.; and those in the final class 33 m.p.h.

Two drivers must travel with each car, and neither may drive for more than 300 miles.

Each car will have the starting place with 300 marks, and must arrive at Buxton exactly at March 12th, no more than five minutes before or ten minutes behind the specified time.

Two marks are deducted for every minute before time and one mark for every minute late. If more than one hour late, a car is adjudged as not having completed the course.

Winning Means Big Business

HAVING successfully completed this part of the competition, a car may then go to the spatial orientation test, which will be designed to test not only the skill of the drivers, but the braking efficiency, acceleration and maneuverability of the cars.

More lies behind the silly competition than the mere "lifting of a pot." The cars that will bring laurels "floating" will be the workhorses of their manufacturers.

From Mr. Donald Steiner and Mr. T. H. Winkler comes the light on class championships at the Moon-Car Club championships at the Moon-Car Club with such Triumph Ulrich, the team has been working overtime to deal with the task of entries.

Sport, amateur motor trials success!]

★ IN THE DREAD SARGOSSA

A 30,000-tonne warship snatched Lord Algy as his triumphant return with Captain Nick to the deck of the captured planet ship.

The freed spacemen could not make enough of him. Subsidiary Planets dropped him on the deck till he almost collapsed.

"Tom did a real job of work," Lord Algy, he said heartily. "I'm here to tell the world—yes, sir."

"Ration. Great stuff, chap," agreed Lord Algy a little shakily. "But what about something to eat?"

"Yes, I go first here!" announced Cleo and went in search of the galley.

Suddenly Nick gave vent to a soft exclamation as his eyes went to the obscurer window of the space ship.

"Look!" he cried.

He threw the shutter of the observation window wide open. In the bright blinding light they could see the floating figure of the Master of the Moon. But not only that...

The other planet ship, the Universe, was sailing around the floating body, and some of the grotesque Moon visitors stood at the entrance to an air-lock, one of them holding a long hooked pole with which he was lifting for the body of the Lunar Lord.

Even Mr. Nick Chase and his crew watched blearily, the body held in the bolt of the floating Master of the Moon, and he was pulled into the air-lock.

"Hire 'em still," panted Captain Nick Chase, after a moment or two.

No doubt of it. The Master of the Moon stood erect in the air-lock, and they saw him shake his fist in rage.

"He's powerful for a great deal of bone yet," Cleo, Nick Chase grunted. "And we're driving in space—goodbye known world. Our reigns need work. We've got to watch our backs for the Master of the Moon, lad."

Captain in the region of space—the dread sargossa of the alien void. Captain Nick had no time to waste. The Master of the Moon had his last, his only, his only living advertisement. A most wacky potential enemy of "The Master of the Moon."

The Master of the Moon
Stamping and shouting
as a film—one of the
most popular in the
R.A.C. This group
doesn't move again!

The R.A.C. Rally

THE days of to-morrow are being built on the experiences gained in the road races, rallies and competitions of today.

Reliability, performance and general efficiency all make progress in the competition business better.

Races and rallies of the past have been responsible for the present-day efficiency of types and bodies, the comfort of the modern car and the improvements in design.

And now, Tuesday, March 12th, Britain will be the scene of the biggest competition ever held in the history of motoring.

From nine parts of the country four hundred cars—a limited entry—will travel to Birmingham by routes covering about one thousand miles.

The Amateurs' Chance

THE competition is the R.A.C.'s Third Annual Rally, and it will give ordinary motorists an opportunity of showing their driving skill.

The trials, of course, represented by its terms, but the greater percentage of contestants will be amateurs, and in these ranks are men of fifty years.

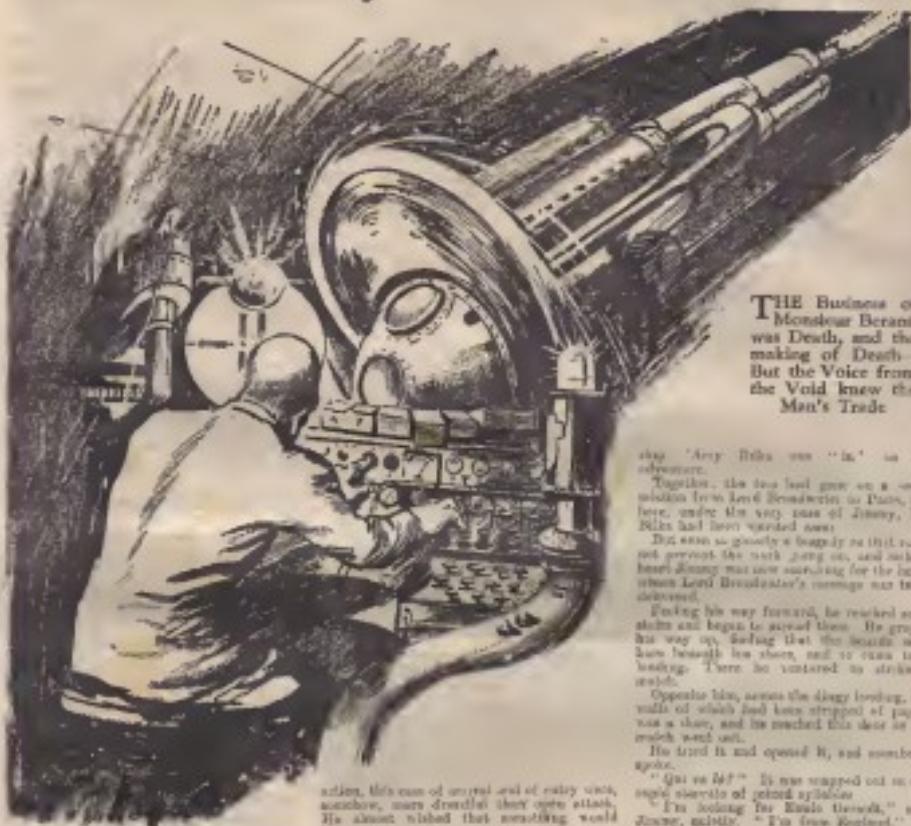
Categories are divided into three classes:

1. Cars over 16 h.p.
2. Cars under 16 h.p. but over 10 h.p.
3. Cars of 10 h.p. and under.

There are 100 big cars in Class 1; 100 in Class 2, and 200 "indies" in Class 3.

The competition takes the form of the successful completion of the road test and track driving test, the nature of which will not be disclosed until just before the test starts. A separate restricted competition is also included.

VOICE from the VOID



THE Business of Monsieur Berand was Death, and the making of Death—But the Voice from the Void knew the Man's Trade.

“Amy Biles was ‘in’ on the adventure.

To begin, the two had gone on a secret mission from Lord Broadwater in Paris, and here, under the very nose of Jossney, Mr. Biles had been wounded.

But men had greater things in mind than to prevent the work going on, and such as General Jossney was now surviving for the lesson when Lord Broadwater's message was to be delivered.

Pushing his way forward, he reached across right and began to search them. He groped his way up, finding that the Soards were bare beneath their cloaks, and in came to a halting. There he ventured to strike a strike.

Opposite him, across the dying lighting, the walls of which had been strewn of paper, was a chair, and he reached this side of his search went on.

He tried it and opened it, and somebody spoke.

“Qui va là?” It was snarled out in one single snarl of general suspicion.

“I’m looking for Eddie O’Reilly,” said Jossney, coldly. “I’m from England.”

“I see.” The reply was an incredulously translated English. “You are at the door, eh? I cannot see you.”

“Yes,” said Jossney, and found his hands suddenly filled with Odious precision. As his hands he dropped on his legs, and the gopher that burrowed in the enclosed space of the room burrowed itself in the wood of the door, while Jossney went for ever on his hands and knees so fast as he could.

There was a click, a sharp steel snap dashed, Jossney came in, that long held. He propped about it, and the punch got home successfully. There was a grip, something measured and aimed.

Electric lamps dimmed. Darkness came down on that mass of dark things. A muffled roar Jossney’s foot. A swift glass that he can repeat for a dropped gun. Jossney stopped, groped somebody, poised again.

Then, however, he tripped across that clutch around and came full length beside it.

The morning stars spoke in a drifting, dying whisper.

“I am... O’Reilly... They found me. No, no. The fat. Jossney. Beyond... Avenue Park...” A coarse sound rattled Jossney’s teeth. Had he ever trod a battle-field he would have known its awful aspect.

★ DEATH IN THE DARKNESS

JIMMY fastened his jacket and looked about him. Nothing moved, nothing breathed. Even the street air was still. There was a picked silence on everything, as though the sun Varmen had created, walking, breathing, with suspended respiration.

Jimmy went along it looking at each door until he came in number sixteen. It was at the far end of what proved to be a narrow court of houses, the very last of the species. At the bottom of the steps itself,

He stepped on the stone and suddenly something like tangible. The hipping seemed suddenly lost in the airborn, and caused him to look about him once more, as though the reason of his fear had been dimmed away from him of his nervous play.

He pushed the door. It gave under his hand, and there passed before him the pitch black void of a narrow staircase passage. His thoughts swirled. It was the bravest thing Jimmy had ever done.

Nobody challenged him. This lack of sound, this entire absence of aggression

action, this ease of control and of entry was, somehow, more dreadful than open attack. He almost wished that something would happen.

For Jossney, nephew of Lord Broadwater, the Foreign Secretary, was no Secret Service work, and peril was waiting for him at every step.

Looking for a job of work, he had consulted his wife, and as a result had been sent searching for a Phantom Ring that had been seen on the East side of the Theresia Embassy, and to investigate strange goings on a tomb, a mysterious Voice that spoke out of Nochka, above the whirling of the wind, chattering out over the roof of the city.

It all resolved a little bit, but Jossney was a whale for mystery, and already he had arms and turned thoughts on the lonely enlargements that spoke of terror and mystery.

He had seen the Phantom Slip-on strange ghost voice that came out of the mists and disappeared again into nothingness. He had heard the Voice, seen—Vanya from the Void that came tearing on from a thousand tangent in strange places and out of Nochka.

Then Jossney had met Amy Biles, a regular old soldier who was stepping on the coast for the good of her health.

A strap shot on the salver, intended for Jossney, had caught Mr. Biles’ blouse belt and the incident had initiated the fraud-

Secret Service Adventures in the Underworld of Paris

now—Eduard Gavault would never speak again.

But the man who had slain Gavault, the man who would have killed Harry, was at the door. Jimmy heard the quick scuffle of his feet and realized that he, too, had heard what Gavault had breathless with the last breath he drew on earth.

In the darkness Jimmy went staggering towards the door. He assumed a wild, gaunt, frenzied appearance. Feet were stumbling on the bare stones—cringing feet and the man who owned them cringing feet knew the name and address of Jacques Bertrand.

Jimmy's hand reached the door handle, and he pulled himself round it and came in the landing. His descent of the stairs was reckless and fast. He slid down the balustrade. His galloped yards on the stairs was by this measure—yards and yards—and at the bottom burst into the unresponsive light of the street. Jimmy saw his hat and saw where it lay.

From that moment there was only one end to the chase, for Jimmy's spending power were of a grub order. Into a narrow side street the fugitive and after him came Jimmy. In the alley the man turned at bay, face fixed. He sat, now gleaming.

Jimmy saw the sharp edge of shadow. He saw a hand reach hand over hand. He ducked and jumped backwards. The wicked steel missed, and Jimmy hit his own hair in the mouth and scattered hair to the backwash of the walk. Before he could recover himself from a jump let him again, and the battle was won and lost.

A sharp downward thrust of Jimmy's right foot snatched the knife at its hilt as it lay on the stones. Jimmy got the man by the collar and shook him.

"You left English," he said. "Don't deny it, or I'll blarney you so that your friends won't know you. You let go hold of a friend of mine to-day. Who is he?"

"What for?" asked the man. "This is an honest word exchange."

"It'll be name exchange in a couple of seconds," said Jimmy grimly. "Speak up."

A muffled but however unconsciously ear the man's already damaged face. He looked suffer for a moment, then spoke with reluctance.

"We held him a prisoner in a house in the Rue du Doual. I can take you there if you wish. But I am willing to warn you that the house is not empty."

"It will be when I see him," said Jimmy, sharply. "Lend on, Macduff. I don't think that's right, but it suits the name."

The man tried reluctantly. Jimmy held his arm and talked to him as they walked, and what Jimmy indeed was all that would happen to his prisoner if the fellow had lied to him. As the man was a murderer, he was prepared to feel Jimmy a murderer, too, and he believed all Jimmy told him. They crossed the broad boulevard, crossing the road itself with right, and then came to the semi-darkness of the Rue de Bertrand, he blod the boulevard and practically parallel with it.

The man pointed to a tall house, shattered and broken like all its kind.

"In there," he said; and his eyes glinted, slightly. He added: "And not alone."

"Not so. I suppose you're wondering what I'm going to do now, eh?"

The man laughed. It was a sharp and wild laugh on the part, and the man dropped in a heap. Jimmy bent over him. He was out, and likely to be out for some minutes.

Jimmy dragged him into the middle of the road and left him, knowing that a policeman would find him and would probably take him to the station for some kind of questioning.

There were moments when Jimmy could think very fast indeed. His nose had not smelted on that.

Then Jimmy went straight up to the door of the slender dark house and rang the bell. The door, he noticed, was a beaten old dove, like so many as Blaenavon, a spindly and small piece of wood with rusty colour was set on it. He could hear the clang of the bell—which was of the pull variety—way in the depths of the house; but nobody answered it.

He rang again, and waited, and still there was no answer.

A police officer wandered along. He saw the doored man in the road. He saw Jimmy and started to question him. Jimmy said he was a Frenchman. He managed to say that, knew nothing in French. The policeman knew a whiff. Another policeman arrived. A taxi was brought. From the very front of the house the man was whisked away, and Jimmy hurried again, after having given his name and hotel to the police.

But all this had cost some concession. The police whistle had been blown. Jimmy opened the door in a shadow by the beatiful dove and waited.

There was a little shudder. The taxi had vanished. Nothing moved in the street, and those who had opened their doors began to close them.

And then, just as Jimmy was deciding that his luck was out, the front door of the pictures house was creakily pulled open a foot and a face, payed out.

For a single transfund second Jimmy stood at that face, while the owner of the face, seeing his enemy in the darkness, stared at him.

And thus they stood immobile, recognising one another, unable to move from short approach.

For this was Baldy, the bald-headed killer whom Jimmy had first encountered in the lonely saloons of the Kansas coast.

Baldy.

★ THE FIGHT ON THE STAIRS

IT was Baldy right enough. But Jimmy moved first and Jimmy moved decisively.

He lunged forward. His right hand went under Baldy's chin and got a grip of that smooth poison's throat, a grip which dug fingers and fingers into Baldy's windpipe with agonizing effectiveness and rendered the man tongue-clubbed.

Baldy was dragged forward on to the steps. He tried to hit Jimmy, but the grip on his throat tightened, his eyes popped forward as though pushed from behind, and his tongue loll'd horribly. Baldy was as near being choked as ever he had been in all his evil life.

"Let me," stated Jimmy. "Is my friend in there? Ned or Jim? I'll have 'em off if you don't answer."

Baldy continued to nod. Jimmy snatched past him and gently pulled the door to while out actually latching it. Then he dragged Baldy two or three paces up the street and into a deep and dark doorway.

The relentless grip on his throat had released Baldy to helplessness and fear. He saw himself being strangled and horribly strangled in that dark doorway, and he made

Jimmy sent a clean and wicked kick to the man's jaw and he dropped in a heap.

A Bit of Old-Soldier Stuff

another effort to struggle, an effort which brought him a patch on the side of the head that rattled him from eaves to toe. After that he submitted to his fate.

Jimmy rapidly saw his free hand over his and found a gun. He put the gun into his own pocket and, returning his grip, let Baldy breathes, which he did so long, holding gape, clutching at his mouth the while.

Then he spoke. He began to swear at Jimmy. Jimmy had him a half-arm's length in the "piazza," a dry and sodden patch that brought the crackling dead half-droakle with puffs.

"I'm talking," said Jimmy. "You're listening and answering questions. And if you try and trick me I'll make you up and then hand you over to the police on a charge of murder."

"Listen ——" sobbed Baldy.

"I don't want to. My friend's in that house, isn't he?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Right." Jimmy ignored the interruption. "What room is he in?"

"The top room of the back." Baldy spoke suddenly. "At least, he was when I came to the door."

"What does that mean?" asked Jimmy.

Baldy hesitated. He had suddenly said more than he intended. Jimmy immediately hammered home on the side of the head. He could not forget that dying man who clung to his language doctor, and he had no sympathy at all for Baldy.

"Give me a chance," sobbed Baldy.

"Don't keep hitting me, for heaven's sake."

"I don't if you believe. Come on, Speak up."

"We — they were going to question him. That's all. Two of them went up for him as I came to the door. We'd issued the police which and we wondered what it might mean."

"I see. They think he knows something, and they want to know what it is."

"Yes."

"Right. Now I'm going into that house, Baldy, and ——"

"There are six men in it?" gasped Baldy.

"That's bad luck for them," growled Jimmy. "You're crazing with me, and in order to square that my story is amended you're going to pull out as we go through the door. You'll call out to one of your friends by name and tell him a street fight was taking place, that the police have cleared it up, and that everything is now O.K. If you want to speak French to him you can, because I can talk the language like a native and will understand all you say. Ready?"

The faced Baldy was prodded into the about, never doubting Jimmy's readiness since to a complete knowledge of the French language. They reached the decorated door of the soldier's house. Baldy stopped in at Jimmy's side and, as Jimmy nudged him, he replied: "Georges! Georges!"

A quick burst of laughter on the house yelled back: "Georges!"

"It's all right," cried Baldy. "A cop's in the street. The copper have gone."

He spoke the language of the outer bands words, and Jimmy did not understand a single word he said; but he was able to appreciate the reply of Georges, which was short and easy. "C'est bon."

Whispering Jimmy gently pulled Baldy back into the doorway, took more and secured him so firmly so he had needed the aid of both hands.

He left Baldy in the street to be picked up by the police, and then presented them with a dual mystery, and he gently closed the door and stood alone in the dim light of the outer porch and wide entrance passageway.

It was as he stood there that he heard a voice. The voice was singing. At first, the sense of the voice would probably have led the earthen to call it singing. Actually it sounded like an electric man taking a sleep nap. It sang a song to a well-known tune, a song that was sung when Jimmy was prattling nursery rhymes.

When this blessed war is over,
Oh, how happy I shall be;
When I get my easy chair on
No more soldiers for me.
No more trying on savagery,
No more going home on par-

This I'll tell the sergeant-major . . .

Fortunately, the singer was never allowed to reach the point where he informed the world what he intended to tell the sergeant-major.

There was a crash. The voice of Mr. Bills ran high.

"Take that, you son of a quarter-

A low, followed, and Jimmy's eyes glinted. Mr. Bills, he was pleased to find, was no match for him. In fact, he was obviously proving himself to be the proverbial headbutts barks fall, in fact.

The sounds all came from above.

Jimmy pulled out Baldy's gun and fired it three times in rapid succession through the roofing of the laundry.

Instantly the war above ceased and war below began. The soldiers were suddenly down the stairs. Jimmy had no time to shoot a gun with an automatic pistol. It is, after all, the weapon of the coward and the kind killer.

There were only three of them, for Mr. Bills had already accounted for the other three. They are Jimmy and come at him, but help was on Jimmy's side—help from above.

Mr. Bills had a tremendous and excellent yell.

"ALIVE!"

And Mr. Bills was coming down the stairs swinging a rifle and deadly weapon—

nothing less than one of the two deadliest parts of the house of an inn—but

alive!

It was a click of the most deadly description, and Jimmy began to understand. He really had not used so much to rescue Mr. Bills. The people who needed rescuing were Mr. Bills' captors.

They had a perfectly satisfying time then and there. The iron weapon smashed one of them to the floor. Jimmy hooked the gun down steadily to a knock-out before he could pull a trigger. The third man got up his arms and added for money.

Mr. Bills looked him over.

"Swinging his deadly mailed weapon, Mr. Bills came crashing down the stairs."

"Jimmy!" he burst out.

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The Voice Speaks of Death

"Just one more," he said to Jimmy. "Just one . . ." His voice held a note of pleading, and with his left hand he carefully turned back his right cuff.

The man screamed.

"Sorry again," he said. "No, it has to end till we all sleep."

They had their eyes up and Mr. Binks waited as they did so.

"You see, when that French lot set me went down. I was at never out no-singin' and couldn't help myself, though I remembered what they all command. I was dragged into this house quick, and I knew that I couldn't do no explainin', what with my hand and that. It was makin' me a brother! At that second time, I always did believe in a brother."

"I know," grunted Jimmy. "Well . . ."

"I just had it out right out, and they, like the Duke, put me into the bedroom up there. In it was two chairs, a good dressing-table, and an armchair. I spent my time taking the bedsheet off beds and pulling the backs and legs out of the chairs . . . all ready for you, son."

Jimmy started admiring. Here was definite, nowtless play resource which he could appreciate.

"After a light of time, as they say," continued Mr. Binks. "Just now, in fact, they came out, and I came for them, so to speak. I took this brighter more shiny wire, the jaw with the brighter bit. There was only two of 'em, and the other was coated for the pale hollow I could see here. But while he was gone I dropped the dressing-table out and put it across the top of the stairs on its side, and as they came up I pulled 'em with both of the bedrooms and life of the stairs. We had a fire old time, so me tell you. It was worth watching. Then you come. What do we do now?"

"Break the place," said Jimmy.

As fast as he did he related his own adventure. The Duke yielded them nothing. He looked to Jimmy. "I feel as though it had been born him, which, indeed, was the truth. As it was no place to the mysterious circumstances agreed with them fully."

They stepped out to the street. Jimmy had disappeared—either into the bushes or the garage or whatever of him and accord, Jimmy had no brain.

"What do we do now?" asked Mr. Binks. "Go to bed?"

"No," said Jimmy. "We don't. We're going to the Avenue Foch."

"What's that?"

"One of the finest streets in Europe," replied Jimmy. "Come on."

And Mr. Binks, wedging his rather bandaged brother hat firmly on his head, came.

* WARNING FROM THE VOICE

TREVOR Avenue Foch, elegantly situated. He arrived on Rue des Boulangers and remained after the famous French Marshal, once from the Route to the Berlin Siegeszug as the wealthiest quarter of Paris.

It is undoubtedly one of the finest thoroughfares in the world. Lined with trees and gardens, it consists of the palaces of the international elite.

On the way Jimmy found a telephone booth and looked up Jules' Bonsai, and as he entered that gastronomic resort addressed him the French "bonjour."

They were called in at one of the multi-talented small吃屋 in a side street and took seats, refreshment, of which they were both fondly in need.

Thus fortified, they went on. A taxi dropped them at the Duke, and standing in the shadow of the great Arc de Triomphe, with the wonderful outward spoke of roads angling here and there, they gazed for a little while.

"This is the post," said Jimmy. "Is Mr. Binks a friend or not? Was poor Gervais trying to tell me that Bonsai could give me the information I came to get, or was he warning me that Bonsai is a man to fear? Or that depends one must work."

Mr. Binks was not gifted for the deeper thoughts, and he made no reply.

"Well, then, so, shall we?" said Jimmy at last.

"Anything you like," agreed Mr. Binks. They sat out.

They found the villa of Monsieur Jacques Bonsai. It stood in a botanical garden surrounded by a white wall high which was in tall pair of magnificently ornamental arched gates.

The villa itself was square and pure white, with flower boxes at the windows, and with colored sunblinds over three-line down-up houses of sight. The whole place was delightfully light and airy looking, graceful and delicious, and spoke of immense wealth.

"Some show," said Mr. Binks. "Do we ring the bell?"

"You let us do," agreed Jimmy, and walked up the sweeping drive, climbed the

SCIENCE in CRIME DETECTION

Scotland Yard can tell you the age of a finger-print

THE age of a finger-print is often of the greatest importance in establishing the accused or guilty when a man suddenly commits a crime—and may even meet life or death to a man charged with murder.

In a recent case over it was revealed by a Scotland Yard expert that by detecting the age of a finger-print, it would be possible to identify and tell the age of a great many people previously.

The powder which is applied to finger prints to bring them out will stick to the ridge of a new print, but the old print will not stick, and the powder will not adhere to it.

A fresh print can be removed by a doctor, but a sharp dash has to be used to remove a stale mark, as the old prints are extremely tenacious.

The expert from the Finger-print Department at Scotland Yard also revealed that they have filed at the Yard the fingerprints impressions of half a million people, making about six million prints in all.

In spite of this it is possible for the finger print men to find a print in the records in from thirty seconds to half an hour.

Three months ago, and many the hell. A gloved dog-woman was spied. The house gave without ever being opened. A frantic woman barked and said quickly: "Monsieur?"

"I would like to see Monsieur Bonsai," said Jimmy. "He won't know my name, but perhaps you would tell him that Monsieur Eustache Gervais recommends me."

The woman hesitated a moment and then said three words.

They found themselves in a marble floored hall in the midst of which a fountain sang gaily, its water falling into an ornamental pool where goldfish swam and darted.

The fountain returned and conducted them to a white and gold saloon in which a man stood with his back to the empty fireplace. He was a short and plumpish man with black hair, a clipped black mustache and a beard.

"I am Bonsai," he said simply. "What is all this?" He spoke English with a trace of accent.

"Jimmy arrived as yesterday."

"I have come from Monsieur Gervais," said Jimmy. "He asked me to tell you that you could speak to me with confidence. That is all. He said it would be enough."

"I see," Bonsai struck his square chin with a white hand. "Very remarkable, young man. But of what you I to speak?"

"I believe yourself thought you would know."

"But I don't," croaked Bonsai. "The voice . . . to say the least of it, didn't sound . . . Of a nature very surprising, in fact. You need an ex-murderer. You arrive late, even far. You mention a goodness named Gervais." He paused. "I have seen heard of Eustache Gervais."

This was a secret. Bonsai was speaking unselfishly. His eyes were twinkling slightly, as though he had humorously escaped a rather foolish joke.

"But Gervais?" began Jimmy unconvincingly.

"He, this himself," replied Bonsai. "That is it. Now perhaps you will attempt to see the master which makes you to see Monsieur Gervais—whatever he might be. Then I may realize what slight connection I have with the business."

Jimmy hesitated. How might be a trap. Here might be a detectable grain of suspicion, a desire to find out what he himself knew, and while he hesitated a minute was made on the white and gold saloon of Monsieur Jacques Bonsai.

The Voice from the Void spoke. It spoke out of nothingness. It spoke in silence, rolling tones that filled the great and beautiful room.

"The master, in question, Bonsai, is Death and the Master of Death."

Mr. Binks gasped. "The Voice from the Void?" It was his first contribution to the argument.

Bonsai had stopped back a pace, as though confronted by some fearful thing. His cheeks had paled slightly, and he stared really short as if he might see that which spoke.

It spoke again.

"Dead usually, Bonsai . . . usually. And remember that the wages of sin is death." Then it added: "You two bunglers who have called on this man, you two who imagined that by fatidicus and physical onslaught you can effect that which I alone can accomplish, had better leave while you are safe, for the white walls of Monsieur Bonsai is a black asphodel for all the enemies of Monsieur Bonsai."

"For off!" said Mr. Binks decisively.

He moved toward the door.

"Stop!" cried Guster, Alphonse . . .

shouted Bonsai.

Jimmy followed Mr. Binks with a rush.

They swept into the marble-floored hall, they swept across it. They encountered the fountain and they barged has has the fountain among the goldfish; they beat upon floor and house glass, and they ran across the flower-beds to the street gate.

They reached the ironical stairs and they ran and ran still they piled up boulders beneath the door to Triomphe.

"That," said Mr. Binks, "is what I will say to you. You're beaten now. You've killed Gervais and claimed him, as the dying general said to him. Let's get to bed and sleep on it."

"I think you're right," agreed Jimmy, and stepped the last steps that came along. He swung those down to the Opera district and their hotel and they retired as the bedrooms with the two single beds which Jimmy had stored against the time when he hoped Mr. Binks would not live.

They had had a good day. They had travelled from London to Paris, they had been south and north and east and west. Monsieur Bonsai and they had found the Voice from the Void. But as Jimmy did from the long silent days of sleep he made up his mind to bid his adieu to Bonsai and the white walls of Monsieur Bonsai. Head over heels in admiration of this powerful step.

Once more the Voice from the Void had spoken of death and the Master of Death. Everything about him was death, and the Bonsai the black steps of Monsieur Bonsai. Head over heels in admiration of this powerful step.

HERE'S A SCOOP

Foretelling the Future

A WAVE of interest in the future is spreading around the world. Almost every newspaper and popular periodical and magazine one finds up-to-day carries an article on the future, or has some comment to make on the accepted legends of "yester" and "tomorrow."

There are those who maintain that human history will never have a parallel; others are equally certain that such could be not only a possibility but will be an eventuality before many years have passed.

These ideas can tell. Meanwhile, it may be good to stimulate our imagination as to what lies in store for the daring pioneer who will endeavor to write the history of those next regimens.

A reader writes: "The imagination is one of the greatest factors in human progress, and this, coupled with a scientific mind, can produce results which, to-day, are only possibilities to be appraised."

"What the future can hold can only be gauged at by daring authors such as will appear in the pages of *SCOOPS*. Eventually there will grow up a generation used to looking beyond the facts of to-day to consider the possibilities of tomorrow."

We heartily endorse our reader's claim. As the story paper of to-morrow we shall look into the future with imagination, bringing to our service all the known facts,



If the Rain Stopped

AS an instance of the latest newspaper writers are taking in several stories of imagination, Mr. Horatio Stubbs, writing recently in the *Sunday Chronicle*, and the stories of man had an easy flight of fancy. He began to wonder what might happen if it never rained again.

There is an H. G. Wells' fantasy for you if you like!

First came Indians would spring up. Our generations the energies of men would be directed to drilling, drilling under the sun.

There would be plagues and famine. An entirely new system of diet would have to be devised for mankind.

The lakes would yield up their secrets, and the rivers be turned into irrigation—provided that there were any people surviving to drive along them.

It is just as well to leave a man's mind unconsciously by these magnificient speculations, if only because by doing so we may have to be grateful for as many things which, in the ordinary course of affairs, we take for granted.

When the Sun Went Out

CONTINUING his flight of fancy Mr. Stubbs next imagined that instead of the days beginning to lengthen after December 21st they began to shorten until the world was plunged into perpetual darkness.

What a strange time of helige would now people the world (wrote Mr. Stubbs).

What primitive energies would be devoted towards the formation of artificial suns!

And how ancient and archaic would seem, to our descendants, the history of mankind to-day!

We should appear as gods to them, resting in a divine effulgence which was perpetually renewed.

And all the more inexplicable to them would seem the strife, the discord, and

the quarreling which, has been planned and tested, and enormous devices that spend of 100 and 200 miles, will be possible.

If the WORLD ran DRY?

THE primary which we had chosen, when all we had to do was to lie back and look on God's creation.

I sincerely hope that neither of these fancies is likely to be substantiated.

But the problem will arise that we have had a fair forecast of the first, and the Ingolstadt tomatoes will say that he can, at least, bring us the second of the second.

Motoring's Jubilee

1934 marks the Jubilee of Motoring. It is just fifty years ago since a German engineer, Gottlieb Daimler, applied for a patent for a petrol engine with a spark ignition and the rights of an engine were bought by a British firm.

Fifty years ago . . . and now there are over half million motor vehicles travelling the roads of Britain every day.

The R.A.C. Rally, which we describe in a special article on page 158, will do much to show the progress that has been made since the dim ages when those strange old coaches made their way in a series of jolts and jerks behind a man carrying a red flag.

Racing Thrills for Britain

THE entry list for the R.A.C. Rally was limited to 400 cars, and had to be closed weeks before the competition. Hundreds of car owners had their applications turned down. This record entry is a sign of the growing interest in motor sport in Great Britain.

It only requires one or two good road races in this country, and Britain will be able to provide motor racing as good as, if not better than, that of the Continent.

And road racing is coming.

This year the first road race ever held on the main roads of Britain may take place in Brighton.

The scheme has been made possible by the efforts of the Belgians and their Motor Club, in co-operation with the Motor Association, and the place only awaiting Parliamentary sanction.

A section of the town, covering a course of 6½ miles, will be Aintree corner at the

SCOOPS



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startling point, has been planned and tested, and enormous devices that spend of 100 and 200 miles, will be possible.

The Brighton Council already has power to close one-third of the proposed circuit, and if the necessary Bill can be passed through Parliament next session of thousands of spectators may see the first road race in Britain from the natural grandstand on the Medina Drive.

Race for a Butterfly

THE search for adventure and conquest is not dead.

Here's a man—and a botanist, too—spending \$2,000 in a race with an American entomological expedition to discover a new species of butterfly.

The man is Mr. William MacQueen, a keen entomologist, and when he heard that the Cuban Government was abandoning a general search for the butterfly he stepped in with the necessary cash.

The butterfly has been seen in the Asian territory, starting Chilian Patagonia, and the Cuban expedition hopes to beat the American party.

They gave—\$2,000!

Man Takes Wings

HE arrived—the man who takes wings himself by means of his own muscular power!

At last, he's nearly arrived. Arthur Janiszewski, a 40-year-old German, claims to have flown with a pair of wings made of leather and bone and operated by himself.

Witnesses report that he mounted a crazy tower of poles and planks and sprang into space.

Instead of crashing, he flew through the air like a huge bat, and then, when he was tired, glided down to earth again.

We may all fly like birds yet . . .

Schoolboy Flyers

THIS year Britain is lagging behind in aeroplane racing—the new holds most of the 47 aeroplane private enterprise is by no means stagnating.



This year the Norwich Aero Club are proposing to "mooch" a "Spitfire" team.

Coupe for part of which schoolboys are to be held on the aerodrome during the holidays, and each party will be given a full course in aviation.

The cost will be £30 per head, and the airmen has been sent to all the big schools.

Many of the boys will be able to obtain his flying certificate, for 17 is the minimum age for a "Spitfire," but they will all be able to pass out in the "A" flying license class, and thus take out the full license when they reach 17.

Catching "an" young!

Sounds So Loud You Can't Hear Them

THAT looks a noisy statement—but nevertheless it's the cold truth.

There are many sounds so high and loud that human ears cannot hear them.

This amazing fact has been used by one of our authors in a story which we are publishing next week's *SCOOPS*.

The scientist in the tale creates a bell, but he can hear him sound. Yet the sound is as great, said a blithely-blonded voice, that it causes human to fall. Noland's efforts to come tumbling down in a theatrical crashing piece.

You'll enjoy "The Fall of Death," it's a thriller!

In the Depths of the Atlantic lies—

The WORLD of VAPOUR

CAUGHT IN THE VORTEX of a whirlpool and hurried to the bed of the Atlantic, to a strange region of Red Mist, a terrifying World of Vapour

*WHIRLPOOL OF THE DEPTHS

THE green shell of aluminum metal was slowly lowered towards the choppy waves of the Atlantic Ocean. The tropical heat beat upon it so that it reflected a glistening ball of silver.

In a periscope screen two men standing inside her watched the descent.

"Dad," came one of them, a middle-aged man with keen grey eyes and high, suddenly furrowed brows, "I can hardly realize that at last we've started. It's a few more minutes we shall know what lies a mile beneath the sea."

Dick Berger smiled back at the older man. He knew that Sir Ian Foothit had been planning for this moment for months, even years.

This twenty-four sphere, containing many of Foothit's own inventions, was the creation of a life's ambition. In it he hoped to penetrate far beneath the Atlantic Ocean for the purpose of investigating the bottom fauna at unknown depths.

To this end he had equipped the sphere with diver-gassing piston caps. The series of broken-up atoms forming the caps could be directed upon the water from any point on the surface of the sphere. When cut in numerous inter-tight metal covers protected the tiny cells.

Alternating with these were other holes, much larger in diameter and likewise protected from the sea by metal covers. These were the outlets for the compressed air taken by the use of which the sphere could float its way to the surface again.

The intricate machinery necessary to gland the nitrogen caps and compressed air, together with the oxygen apparatus and electric generation, was housed in the base of the sphere.

The steel shell had been constructed over a foot in thickness in order to meet the pressure of the water at great depth. In the side was a small, perfectly fitting door, the only exit.

Back in Sir Ian Foothit's laboratory in London, it had been stopped aboard the Research. A special hull had been constructed to ensure that the delicate instruments of research should be unharmed during the voyage.

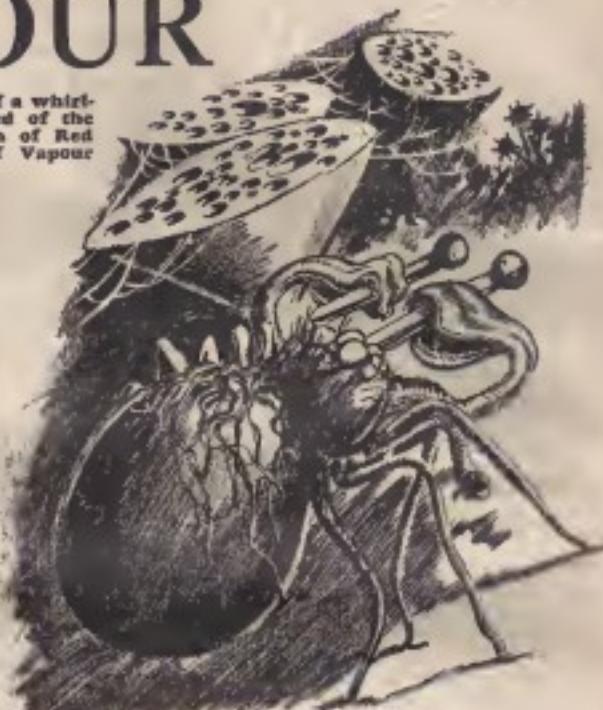
Now, after months of preparation, the Research had sailed her destination, some two hundred miles north of the West Indies, and the experiments had begun.

For a few moments only the sphere remained above the surface; then, as it descended, nothing but a swirl of vapour enveloping water covered the spot where it had been.

The two men could stand there, eyes fixed on the dim readings of the various instruments.

"Better switch on the neutron rays," said Foothit after a instant or two. "We want a greater than this if we're to return to the Research before nightfall."

Berger pulled a lever and the metal door began to vibrate; a powerful hammering nota-



marked their ears. The devastating streams of energetic neutrons crashed into the water beneath splitting up the molecules into a myriad atoms.

A green space opened up beneath the sphere. And into this it slid, by virtue of gravity and the weight of water above.

Then, ever downwards it blazed its way, until Berger, standing before the depth indicator, called out, "Six hundred fathoms."

Foothit did not reply. He was too preoccupied in passing through the periphery of the sphere, blinding fish which abounded at that depth.

Slowly the luminous needles swept round to the right-handed fathometer—nearly a mile beneath the surface—the countenance became framer in number. The pressure at this depth was now too great for the thick bodies of the deep sea fish.

"Attending, Berger," barked Foothit. "The luminous nevrons from our side of the Jason I have now are remarkably interesting."

He had hardly spoken the words when the sphere began suddenly to rock from side to side with a swaying movement which Berger at the controls was unable to control.

The controls high forehead gritted into a frown.

"Honest," he muttered; "we must have struck some powerful undersea current."

"It's getting worse," said Berger na-

turally. "I'll put her at full thrills and see if we can get clear."

He pressed the lever, but with the increased speed the right-hand roll still went on.

A moment later the unseen danger gathered the steel shell into its clutches as though it had been a cork for it was a gigantic whirlpool which had snatched a floating pillar of calcium from the depths of the Atlantic!

With white face and staring eyes Foothit saw the green-blank water and watched an alarming rate. Berger managed to wrench off the compressed air valve he was thrown heavily against the metal shell.

Now, caught in the web of water, the sphere began to spin at an ever-increasing speed.

"My God!" cried Foothit. He had been torn away from the periscope and was clamping at the smooth metal of the side in an attempt to keep his feet. "Unless a miracle happens this is the end."

The younger man paled madly.

The sphere was rolling at an ear-bursting speed. Instruments were flying about. The dial of the pressure gauge burst across the chamber and struck the whitish glassing blow on the floorboard. He dropped like a log.

Attempting to stagger nearer to him, Berger was thrown head first against the side of the vessel.

Wonders of the Red Mist

The hideous beast pressed the two men tubes to its head, and some agonizing force caught the two men in its deadly grip. They struggled and fell.



Then the sphere was caught in the vortex of the gigantic whirlpool! Spinning madly, it went hurtling towards the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean nearly three miles below.

★ DEVIL BEAST OF THE UNDERSEA WORLD

WHEN Dick Ranger recovered consciousness, his first impression was that of an intense heat which rocked his whole body.

He opened his eyes jerkily. The interior of the metal ball was in a chronic state of disorder. Metal lay everywhere, twisted and bent in chaotic confusion. Breathless astronauts were hopelessly disengaged.

He poised his hand dazedly across his forehead. How long had he been unconscious? Where had the sphere come to rest? No one—where was he?

The young man gazed around, and then saw that Farnell lay slumbering behind him. He was bleeding from a cut in his forehead, but his heavy breathing told Ranger that the scientist was still alive.

Shakily, Ranger dragged himself to his feet and moved towards the periphery.

He peered into the sunken, and immediately his eyes widened in amazement.

He was gazing through water, but the lower half of the sphere was not in the water; it was encircled by a red crust, beneath which was solid rock.

He gazed curiously at the mist. For some moments he failed to realize that it was vapor which lay over the ocean bed, and several thousand feet below.

A vaporous region four miles beneath the sea!

It was unbelievable. It was fantastic. Yet it was undeniably there—a porous crust spread over the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, a vapor which suddenly had the power to cover water!

Ranger discounted these apparently ridiculous thoughts from his mind and turned his attention to the scientists waiting above him.

He realized that there could only half of the

sphere was in the vapor—it must obviously have risen to rest upon something solid too fast or too heavily to penetrate the surface.

Evidently they were resting on the summit of some rocky pinnacles rising from the bed of the Atlantic. If this were so, the steel door in the lower half of the sphere would open directly into the red atmosphere.

"Question is," pattered Ranger, "is the stuff breathable? Are we faced with the alternative of swimming to drift in here or opening the door and being suffocated?"

"Neither," he said, "there's a valve at the bottom. Hang you, I tried the switch, Ranger!"

"Why, sir?" asked Ranger turning round in surprise. "I didn't know you'd come in. Are you feeling all right?"

The scientist snorted roughly. "A hellish good time, but it will soon pass. Where the hell are we?"

"Undersea, I guess," said Ranger. "Just take a look in that periphery while I tackle the switch. Then perhaps you can tell me whether I'm drowning or not."

The older man gazed into the periphery again, and Dick waited grimly as he saw the lack of attachment of the other's face.

Then, turning his attention to the mass of twisted machinery, he set to work. Five minutes later he glistened up triumphantly.

"We're in luck. All the machinery is all armed," he cried excitedly. "Should I switch on the compressed air and measure the first of the vapor?"

Farnell turned away from the periphery and looked at Ranger disapprovingly.

"That's sure we can run whatever we want," he added.

"Yes. There's nothing wrong with the machinery itself. Of course, the gyroscopic is cracked," he added, looking carefully at a tangled heap of metal on the floor. "But I think we can keep her in at least kind. Anyways, we shall have to risk it."

A faint shunt crept into the scientist's wan cheeks. "If what you say is right," he said slowly, "we can afford to take our time before setting off again. Meanwhile, I propose we explore this vaporous region."

"Explorers?"

"Why not? If this vapor is breathable what is to prevent us leaving the sphere and descending as to the ocean bed below?"

There was an excited gleam in Ranger's eyes as he began to operate the machinery

but which would enable them to leave the vessel to lie around.

In less than half a minute it was done, and a thin stream of the red vapor was writhing up.

The scientist took it cautiously and then, holding an oil cloth, inhaled deeply. Ranger did likewise, and each looked at the other thoughtfully.

"The gas was harmless!"

"Mark to a suspension of some sulphur, later gas capable of scalding water," said Farnell. "Anyway there's enough oxygen mixed with it to support life. Here goes."

He sprang down the deck under and the vapors seemed to envelop him.

Leaving out Farnell tested about him and saw at once why they had come to rest in such peculiar position. The sphere was capped in a single depression on the peak of a mountain, which reached to within ten feet of the surface of vapor and water.

But for this they would undoubtedly have found themselves on the ocean bed itself and well out of the water, with no possible chance of regaining the surface. As it was, it would be an easy suffice to leave the sphere and to climb down the sides of the mountain up to the bed of the ocean.

Both men stepped out and stood for a moment gazing down the rocky slopes to the black ground far below. Below them stretched the red vapor, transparent in spite of its coloring, away in the distance rose other rocky eminences.

Taking their way carefully they descended the mountain, the top of which was worn smooth as if the sea had rolled about it recently. Lower down, tufts of black vegetation, not unlike long, coarse grass, sprouted here and there.

Half an hour later, as they drew nearer to the ocean bed, they were able to see that the black vegetation covered most of the ground.

Here and there grew enormous trees, many of them three hundred feet high, with long slender trunks and covered with a wash of papery foliage. The leaves were thick and bushy and gave forth a peculiar smell that the two men had noted as leaving the sphere.

"I'm as pleased, Ranger," mused Farnell, "that that atmosphere is a natural mixture of gases that has come up from far within the Earth's crust throughout the ages. Millions of years of such a vapor might easily form their way up into our own atmosphere to be immediately dispersed and therefore unaffected. But here, trapped by the sea, such a gas probably has been able to accumulate for thousands of years."

As they went on they saw a spot on the ocean bed, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, where a blinding burst of light shot directly upwards towards the water. It was reflected in a band of radiance down again, again towards the ground.

"Very clever," muttered Farnell. "See the idea, Dick? The junction of water and vapor forms an excellent mirror which reflects the rays. It begins to look at things we could find intelligent beings down here."

Ranger nodded and pointed to the left.

"What do you make that out to be, sir?" he inquired. "Looks like a colony of sea urchins and crabs."

They climbed down to the foot of the mountain and then walked towards the queer structures.

In shape they resembled inverted cones, each one foot high and perhaps thirty feet in diameter, and they were constructed of skinning over sand. One or two had sprung out on their sides according the electric rods to be suspended with the structure in small garlands.

"They seem to be dredgers of sand kind," said Farnell quickly.

"Evidently the creatures that use them gather free the eggs. Wonder what sort of being is responsible for those strands of network over there?"

Ranger shook his head as he gazed at dozens of thick, black, gnarly strands which

Caught in the Webs of the Devil Beasts

sprinted over and across the vines, not with the huge spider's web.

"Phew," he muttered. "How thick packing is a bit foolish. There's something smothering about this place."

Suddenly, rounding a hillock, Ranger placed somebody in the instant's space.

"Down, quick!" he barked.

Both he crouched down in the long black grass, watching as something bounds away, whispered Ranger. "It's only a few yards away, behind that hillock. Let's hope it doesn't see us—it's not human."

A couple of seconds later a sound like the clinking of metal reached them and then a grunts. They passed only a few paces away. At sight of it both men immediately stiffened each looking.

It was about four feet high and 3' 6" rounded, ending to each as a huge spider.

Its body was divided into two parts, the lower being a soft abdomen and the upper a kind of crusty body from which grew six pairs of legs.

The foremost pair was equipped with cruel-looking claws which it apparently used as hands. The other five pairs it used for locomotion. Surrounding them was a small protuberance covered with red hair, in which were set six fiddlers eyes, and an abomination trunk something like that of an elephant only much shorter.

The gigantic beast was an olive-green colour and most remarkable of all, wore a covering of the same black, thread-like substance which lay like a pall over the coarse buildings. It was evidently of great strength for it seemed to support two metal tubes which jangled together as it walked.

A second it paused, as if sensing either that some more unknown presence had then crossed before with a hissiness, reverberating movement which suggested a loud snarling or growl. "We gotta! We gotta! We gotta!" he repeated to himself. But now it began the words he realized that, the Ranger, he was paralyzed with terror, helpless under the influence of this beast.

Stutter and snarl it came still, a couple of feet away, it stopped, stood at the entrance and then stretched forth a claw, passing it over their bodies.

Ranger shuddered. The feel of that cold, clammy touch galvanized his mind into activity.

"It's no use," he barked, "we've already got to move before it is too late. Let's make a dash for it. Ready? Now!"

He sprang up and leapt back from the creature, pulling the scimitar along with him.

The insect did not attempt to stop them. Instead, in two slow shots to the sides of its arms and whipping those legs, it passed them to its head like two telescopes.

"Come on!" yelled Ranger. "The brute will be after us in a second."

They staggered away in head butts, but they had not taken more than half a dozen strides when a searing pain darted through their heads—an exploding force which seemed to be tearing the very cells of their brains apart.

"By thunder, it's been takes!" shrieked Fornyth. "Sonofabitch, we're gonna get it."

His twin trident was at his long collapsed beastlike legs. Don't be afraid to ground into one in a hypno-trance.

Ranger struggled frantically to regain his will power. He was under the influence of thought waves, he realized, which were up

dragging his consciousness. But time was short. He'd lost their destination again. He'd cross Fornyth and begin his trap. His gun seemed to snap. He fell to the ground.

★ FOOD FOR THE SPIDERS

IT seemed only a matter of seconds before Ranger's wild fugue to freedom again. In reality it must have been many hours, for in other way could he account for the change of surrounding which had occurred.

At first he thought he was suspended by ropes a few yards above the eastern floor of a phosphorescent cavern. His arms were encircled on either side of him as though he were being strangled.

You see I'd never experienced either than extreme cold. The temperature, he admitted, must be well below zero.

He moved his head slightly, the bones poking through his position, and then started a group of mindshocks.

Black strands of moist elastic gantry substance extended farwards on either side of him, and other strange lifelines with these. It was this mass which was holding him suspended in mid-air.

Then he caught sight of Fornyth suspended in a similar manner to his left.

The two men arch formed the centre of a large web which had been woven round them.

The strands were so thick as twice and as strong as wire, their hold as effective as the tentacles of an octopus.

But the two men were not the only occupants of these ghastly structures. Stretching away in the distance were other webs, each of which held what had been here a living thing.

There were the limbs of some pallid, glutinous substance, and one or two still preserved and mounted as if life were not yet extinct. But by the emanating colour which hung about the carcass Ranger judged that the occupant had been dead for some time.

"Hello . . . Hello, Ranger!" Fornyth's voice echoed eerily through the red vapour in the cavern. Hearing that Dick moved his hand he continued eagerly. "Are you all right?"

"I'm still alive, if that's what you mean," replied Dick grimly. "We seem to be in a den of a man. I reckon we'll be lucky if we ever leave this place alive." He tugged futilely at the black threads which bound him. "Goddamn it, I'd like to lay my hands on one of these spindles."

"Not so fast," mumbled Fornyth. "We've got to think this out calmly. I reckon the spider creatures place us in a jar with these kinds of meat, served me right. It is obviously some sort of cold storage chamber. It looks as though they've placed us in a box along with those other things on which they probably live."

"Gosh! Then they intend to eat us?" "It looks like it," said Fornyth grimly, "unless we can escape. What about your jack-knife? Can you reach it? It might cut these strands."

Exerting all his strength, Ranger tried to force his right arm down to his pocket, but it was useless. He could move it only a few inches, and, as was to be expected, his muscles, it flew back into its original position.

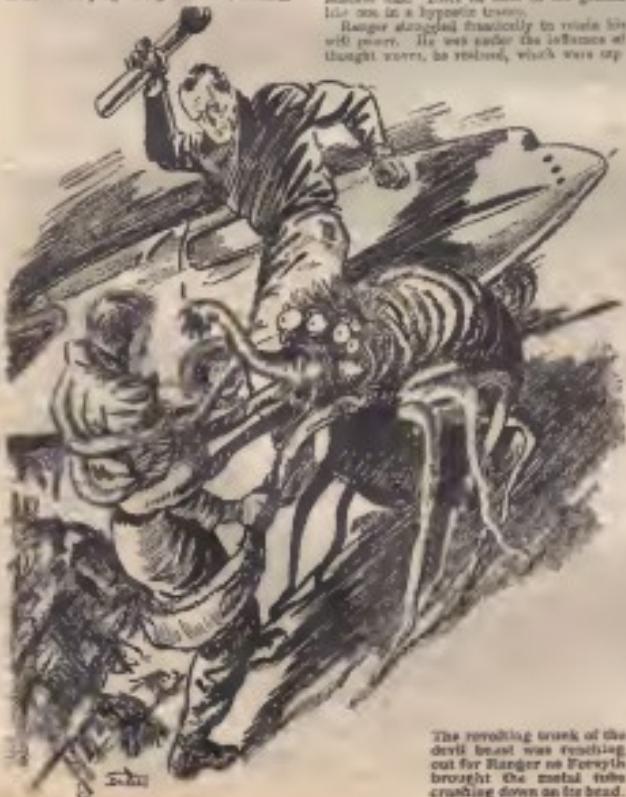
"It's no good," he muttered, "the damn stuff is like thick elastic. I'll have a go at chewing it. It'll be rotten, but I might be able to get an arm free that way."

Snapping backwards and forwards, he managed to catch a strand between his strong teeth. Then, for the greater part of an hour, he worked默默地.

One by one the strands parted before his determined onslaught, and as last he was able to free his right arm and to reach his knife.

Opening it with his teeth, he dashed a translucent gleam across at Fornyth and then began chipping at the strands around him.

(Read on at foot of next page.)



The revolting trunk of the devil beast was crashing out for Ranger so Fornyth brought the metal tube crashing down on its head.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES are Showing us—

The BRITAIN of TO-MORROW

The Almost-Sunken Robot; Dyed Aluminium; Wax that won't burn; Cloth made of Glass; Machine to weigh a signature; Indestructible coffers; Amazing Inventions that are making a new wonder world.

Robot Woman Who Sneers!

A WOMAN robot—the newest approach to a human type, constructed by man—is on view at the White City.

The model, which was perfected by Mr. Courtney Pollock, the sculptor, can smile, talk and move. And, of course, sneaks a cigarette.

Ultra-modern furniture goes in flavor, and at the White City many are designed to suit us.

Liberating device abandoned. A petal swiveler concealed in a concealed bed which could also be converted into a food safe! There was a bridge table which could be transformed into a clothes hanger.

Among the fabrics displayed was the new elastic crepe—it doesn't crease or sag—with which our clothes of the future may be made, and a combined pullover and skirt which can be converted in a moment from one to the other.

Glass Thread

AT Olympia the Chemical Industry was showing its newest and brightest idea.

Dyed aluminium, bright, shining metal of every conceivable color, was on show. It is dyed by an electrical process, in which the aluminum itself acts as a cathode.

Wax that won't burn was another advance which will be used for covering wires in cables.

Glass silk—thin threads of glass for book

that creature, Dick," he barked. "It's our death or his."

Ranger nodded grimly. The katthanna spider prodded the bottom of the statue and stopped abruptly. A few moments it remained quiet, as if sensing the presence of an enemy.

At the same instant Ranger sprang forward, breaking the picket fence. Before the ranger could seize he brought it down with devastating force upon the small pterodactyl above the County body.

The creature uttered merrimentingly and, taking advantage of this, Ranger drove his knife again and again into the soft body.

A groan, then half-cried from its wounds. It made a futile effort to clutch Ranger with its trembling claws and then, folding them beneath its body collapsed in a writhing heap upon the ground.

Ranger lay in horror at his handwork, and then poised a trembling hand over his forehead. He felt the spookster's hand on his shoulder. "Great work, Dick," he said grimly.

Without another word they began to mount the stage.

It was a difficult task, for the stage rose sheer, but it was their only hope of escape, and with the strength born of desperation they struggled upwards. Some fifty feet above the floor of the cage the stage curved sharply to the entrance to a service passage which led upwards into the roof.

The boy was just sufficiently large to admit those bodies and, wriggling forward in their sheathes, they managed to work their way along. The stage became steeper as they progressed.

The rock ceased and the passage continued through the earth until, reaching a bend, they saw an opening only a few feet away which led into the light.

The rock ceased and the passage continued through the earth until, reaching a bend,

they saw an opening only a few feet away which led into the light.

Insulation—passed a big alternative. It is being used for wrapping boxes and paper.

Freezing by Heating

WE used to think that coal was useful only to heat the fire going and for making gas to cook the Sunday joint. Don't you believe it?

One exhibit of the South Metropolitan Gas Company showed that there are fairly fly uses for the by-products of coal. Here are some of them:

Bonbons for petrol engines; beauty oil for Diesel engines; products for dyspepsia, peritonitis and enteritis; preparations for quick-drying varnishes, disinfectants and antiseptics; coal tar pitch; cresote; sulphur; soaps; ammonia and hydrocarbons.

Some of the houses of other exhibits that were telling of the future included—

Carpets baked by baby margarites. Carpet couches that defy the toughest bather.

Tissue masks that cannot warp. A refrigerating machine using heat for freezing purposes.

An automatic dish washer. A 2,000 h.p. paper cutter.

A weighing machine so delicate it can weigh a signature.

Two-thousand-ton power press.

Select-cutting gears self-aligning that are practically indestructible.

Glass windows that resist violet rays.

Metalized plywood.

Bunching this, they found themselves baulking down upon the black vaginines of the white bed.

They had emerged from one of the tunnels they had dug in the top of the conical structure of blue sand.

Close by, one of the beams of light curved itself upwards, dangling there with no brightness. At either end of them stretched the desert grass covered plain, dotted here and there with the purple vines. For every could be seen a black speck dangling on the tip of a distant mountain.

"There it is," cried Ranger excitedly, "The sphere!"

They dropped to the ground and, taking the core of boulders and rocks whatever possible, set off towards it.

But they had hardly covered a hundred yards before a Jain, closing mud-coated hands to half and link gantletingly at one another.

"What's that?" cried Farouk.

Ranger darted his eye to right and left like a hunted animal. "Goodness knows," he trembled, "I can't see anything."

"I can. Look! Look!" Farouk pointed ahead.

In the distance, partially obscured by the trees, were half a dozen bullet-shaped structures. They served as a division of shock-tunnels free from the ground.

Gradually one would rise like a mighty, smoky, rocky paroxysm of the oasis bed and move along it for a few yards, then dive into the sand again.

"Bedad law," Farouk cried. "Quick! They're coming this way."

He jerked Ranger behind a rock.

The bawling of the intercessors had swelled into a whining crescendo. They were much nearer now, their voices shrilly shrill.

Mr. G. D. Smith's
Robot Woman
at the British
Industries Fair.

Photo: G. D. Smith

A 30-Mile Shop Window

BEAT Britain has been showing the world her wares.

At the British Industries Fair, at Olympia and the White City in London, and at Castle Bromwich in Birmingham, she has been displaying the latest examples of British craftsmanship and design to buyers from all over the world.

Over 1,500 exhibitors had their goods on show at the Fair, and the giant "shop window" was estimated to cover over thirty miles.

Big business was done, and the Fair has proved that Britain is still showing her craftsmanship the way it progress and development. In these miles of shop windows one can see many glimpses of the world of tomorrow.

THE WORLD OF VAPOUR

(Continued from previous page)

The sharp blade cut through the tough substance but surely, and soon the few threads which still held him were unable to support his weight.

He sank slowly to the ground and, severing the last of his bonds, he stood with the claws of hooks well hanging about him.

In spite of the extreme cold, he was drenched with sweat, but without delay he attacked the rock which held the scientist.

Several minutes later they were both on the floor of the cave.

"And now to find the way out of this damned cavern," panted Ranger. "There must be an exit somewhere. Let's bear to the left first. I thought I felt a straight coming from that direction."

For some minutes they picked their way over the rocky floor, passing under dozens of the smaller rock-structures which draped the roof. Some were low on the ceiling, as though the victim had been pressed. "Look, Ranger—" straight ahead! I breathed Farouk excitedly. "Some sort of—"

They passed on and found themselves before a wall of solid rock. Both saw the base of the wall was some glistering metal stuff which had seeped into the fissures.

And then out of that blackness came a screeching snarl! "Eekum!" roared Farouk. "What's that?"

He flung himself flat against the wall of the cave, staring Ranger with his. As they waited, every now and then, the snarling mass grew louder until a minute later it sounded like a roar from out of the darkness above.

It was one of the gigantic spiders descended on the metal stuff.

Ranger felt the grip of the scientist's fingers upon his arm. "We've got to kill

The Fight for the Vapour Ship

"Why, they're machines!" gasped Ranger.

Forsyth added.

"Yes, flying machines without wings or propellers. They are not driven on the radial principle either. Look at the track of their wheels just like they have helved."

It certainly was remarkable. Underneath the small, tarpedo-shaped body of glittering metal, no sign of wheels remained, save only. They were apparently the only means of moving the machine both through the vapour and over the ground. Look at the track of their wheels as it is, like a tank, the machine were laying down their own tracks before passing over it.

★ BATTLE IN THE VAPOUR ★

THE columns were now barely fifty yards away, and through the transparent windows in the base of the tarpedo body the two machines could see that each was controlled by a single spider creature.

Taking out its arms of the machines were three steel tubes about six feet long which looked like glass of some description. With visible strain from their mouths yet they pointed towards the ground, and the creatures made continuously changes their direction, such as no man would use a torch to locate a missing object.

Then for a fraction of a second one of the tubes was trained upon Ranger. He gasped out in agony and threw his arms above his head fororative protection. During that moment he had experienced a searing pain.

The feeling was that some electrical induction of intense power was passing through his body. It was the same feeling he had experienced when they had been captured by the spider creatures.

Ranger, owing his arm, instantly fisted an arm and held his right against the rock.

"What's the matter?" he breathlessly asked.

"Feeling bad!"

"These tubes," gasped Ranger. "They're straight pipes."

"Thought you, eh?" snarled the spider grimly. "The same as those infernal things carry, only more powerful."

The machines started back and then only a few yards away from the rock easier which the two men were hidden. But they stopped suddenly, and a few moments later all but one of the machines had passed on, searching the black vegetation with their straight pipes. The remaining one had alighted only a few yards away.

Not daring to take their eyes off it, Forsyth and Ranger saw a metal hatch open. The spider creature crawled out of the cockpit section, dropped to the ground and began to peer between the wheels. Apparently one arm was not functioning properly.

Forsyth's eyes lit up excitedly.

"Now's our chance!" he breathed. "If we could capture that machine we could use it to escape the sphere. I'll go now from this rock and be to him sooner or later. What do you say?"

Ranger looked around the machine and at the approaching creature which had its back turned to the rock.

"It's worth trying," he whispered tensely.

"Two of us and my knife should be more than enough for the beast."

His fingers leapt to his pocket and he drew out the knife.

They looked behind them through the vapour. The other machines were now far to the distance. With ordinary luck they should be able to capture the wounded machine and usage masters.

Pushing aside the gigantic lenses and adjusted the deflector—a matter of a minute or so—they left the shelter of the rock and with what focus and nerve forced by the jagged rock forced forward over the few yards which separated them from the creature.

Still it seemed hours of their wait, and Ranger was already poised on his toes ready to spring when Forsyth caught his foot in a series in the glassed and shielded pavilion.

Immediately the creature swung round, took in the situation in a flash, and slipping the metal tubes from its mouth raised them in hand.

But as it did so Ranger sprung, the force of the impact smashing the tubes from its grasp. It staggered back a few paces, clutching hard on its thin legs, dashed back two appendages and wrapped them round its attacker's body, impeding his arms by his sides.

Ranger was unable to move, the strength of these spider legs was amazing. He kicked and struggled and twisted, but it was no use. The creature held him in such a position that he could not reach his body.

Ranger's eyes opened in time to see the metal tubes, still open, shooting white through the mist in his eyes above. Then it intended to snap his hand to break the spider's hold.

He felt his legs severed as another vicious grip and then the creature's track moved slowly towards his nose. Gritting his teeth he turned his head away.

But that loathsome track was still progress made from his dash when a metal tube descended with whistling force upon the insect's head.

Forsyth, realising his companion's danger, had grabbed up one of the metal thoughts, was to tubes and, swinging it above his head like a club, had brought it down upon the insect's massive antennae.

It released its hold immediately and crawled back a few paces. In a burst of nervous fury Forsyth raised blow after blow upon its body.

Ranger, meanwhile, advanced threateningly with his knife and the creature backed still farther away. Then it turned and scuttled away into the shelter of the black vegetation.

"No more following it," snarled Forsyth. "We haven't time, lets his machine. Quack!"

They scurried through the half-darkness into the central room, pulling the hatch to behind them. Spades were a number of handles and vehicles, some evidently for operating the gears, and others for controlling the machine itself.

Ranger sprang to a handle which jutted prominently in front of the transparent doorway, and moved it a fraction of an inch.

There was a jolt, and peeling out, he saw that they were moving slowly forward over the ground. Then followed several nervous jerking motions which Ranger experienced with the various controls.

The machine careered about, rolling in the air, running along the ground, turning in all directions, whilst the potential, approximating the necessity for the day, yet leaving the loss of every precious moment, raced aimlessly with hot face pressed against one of the red wheels. But to jet there was no sign of power.

"O.K.," grunted Ranger suddenly. "I think I've got the hang of the thing. Here goes!"

He pulled on a lever, and responding nimbly the machine shot steadily into the vapour.

"Bear is to the right," puffed Forsyth.

"The sphere is about a mile or miles in that direction."

Leaving two trails of crimson vapour behind them they rose three hundred feet above the snow land, and landed rapidly to within the black spot of the sphere.

They had covered a mile in this way before Forsyth pointed with vibrating fingers through the rear window. "They're after us," he cried. "Three of them. That also won't have given the alarm."

Ranger, his face white and drawn, did his best to extrite their pursuers, but he was unaccustomed to handling the easier machine, and they were steadily closing in.

"It's no use," he said. "Well never make it."

By now the instant machine was only a short yard behind. "We're got it," snarled Forsyth. "Those guys are paper lions. They are shooting directly towards us and we here but nothing. It's clever the thought seems cannot penetrate the walls of this craft." They'd find it hard to stop us."

They were now only a quarter of a mile away from the mountain. The sphere landed like a slow sputa a thousand feet above.

But the following machines were being driven with soaring velocity, and as Ranger tried the use of his own speeds he saw that they were cut off.

Directly above them were the three spider-driven machines.

"Try to force a way through," barked Forsyth. "It's all we can do. Perhaps they will give way when they see we're heading towards them."

Ranger gripped the controls a little tighter, his eyes tilted. As he accelerated a little the machine increased its upward acceleration. It climbed forward straight towards the other three.

Then—crash! Courtesy to Forsyth's calculations, the three predators had not given way and their own machine had crashed into the model of them. Ranger and Forsyth were hurled heavily to one side by the shock of the first collision. But this was followed almost immediately by another and another. Starting the first machine a shower shot they had broken off and ricocheted on the earth only a few yards away.

Jolted but otherwise unharmed, Ranger sprang back to the controls and looked out the window.

"Suffering sodas!" he cried delightedly. "We've cracked 'em. We must have crashed into the wheels on the underside of the body. Anyways out of control, the other two are sailing madly. Good! They must be damaged too, they're beginning to descend."

The harsh grating sound of metal meeting metal reached them a moment later. Though they could not see it, both knew that one of the machines had crashed into the rocky slopes at the base of the mountain.

Ranger gripped spindles and, carefully manipulating the controls, managed to bring the machine to a standstill near the splash. Five minutes later they were safely inside, and the steel door slammed firmly two places.

Both leaned a sigh of relief.

"Gosh! It feels like home in here," grinned Forsyth.

"All the same we are not back yet," as puffed Forsyth. "Let's get back. The sooner we leave this gaudy region the better."

Ranger stepped to the recessed air breather and released it to cover. The steel shell glimmered like a living thing, rocked unceasingly for a moment, then rolled to side and then began to ascend ponderously through the black water, surrounded by a halo of large air bubbles.

Without groceries, pressure gauge, or other instruments they had no means of telling whether they ascended vertically upwards as described as oblique ascent.

But after a journey of two hours the sphere broke water only two miles from the plateau, which, although giving them up the deck, had remained in the far-off haze that they might return.

Both were extremely hungry, and over a hearty meal in the captain's cabin Forsyth related their strange adventure.

"I tell you, Duncan, cut off by three miles an area of water is another dimension," he concluded gravely.

"A world of vapour which has probably existed for countless ages, and in which a greater heat is required. Let us thank God these creatures have not yet discovered a way to break through their watery prison. For when that day comes there will begin the most terrible battle for supremacy that would have ever known."



★ IN THE GRIP OF THE DEATH RAYS

A SCREAM echoed across the cabin of the giant rocket ship, *Jurassicraft*, in a ghostly nightmare of sound.

Philip Joyce gave vent to his terror as he gared down at his two companions lying on the floor of the cabin.

The whole place was filled with a ghostly yellow haze that lit up the faces of all there in a deathly pallor. But that was not the sight that horrified the young space adventurer.

Out of the mouths of his two companions were issuing slow deathly dawns, and from the flames were rising thin wisps of black smoke.

Unconsciously, Philip's hand went to his mouth. No, he was all right... yet!

But at any moment, he realized, he might also be in the grip of the deadly yellow rays from Mars.

For the *Jurassicraft* was hurtling towards the red planet, and the inhabitants of that strange world were able to the fact: were even now sending out their long beams of yellow death rays in an effort to repel the space craft they considered an invader.

Not that the three companions were invaders. Anything but that! None of them had come as the passengers of a voyage from Mars.

Philip Joyce and his two friends, Peter Stanley and Victor Standish, had been enjoying a motorcycling holiday when Vic's old truck of a motorcycle had broken out. In searching round for a garage they had come upon the old shed which housed the dream of Professor Silesis—the soaring space ship, *Jurassicraft*.

Curiously enough, the three companions had investigated the strange machine, and whilst inside it a sharp movement of Philip had released the sounding valve. The *Jurassicraft* had gone crashing out of the shed and hurtling up into space at a tremendous rate of heat.

Now Professor Silesis had arrived just in time to see his dream ship, the child of a man's ambition, disappearing before his eyes.

The three terrified and sweating men, who had been unable to stop the progress of the giant ship, and after a series of heart-stopping adventures in space had found themselves soaring the planet Mars,

**By
Professor
A. M.
LOW, D.Sc.**

A queer radio machine in the *Jurassicraft*, which translated any language into English, had picked up a message from the Red World, and it had told the three adventurers that their approach had been seen and a deadly weapon prepared for them.

Even as they had received the image of the Red World in a giant *Tic-Tac-Toe* machine, yellow beams of light had come shooting up into space for them.

Peter and Victor had immediately been struck down, but Philip seemed to have escaped the full force of the deadly rays. The fate of his companion, however, horrified him.

"Peter! Peter, old boy!" he screamed, and shook the unconscious figure, watching those ghastly blue flames. But there was no response.

In a roar of pain, Philip rolled his handkerchief into a ball and pressed it against Peter's lips in an effort to extinguish the flame.

The only effect was to burn a hole clean through the handkerchief.

CAUGHT IN THE DEATH RAYS of the Red World, with every breath a leaping flame, every movement a nerve-tacking agony

"Hooray! He's on fire!" yelled Philip.

Thus he noticed a strange thing about the flame. Although it burned the handkerchief like an ordinary flame it seemed to give out a bright light as well. In fact, it lit up the whole of his face like an electric torch.

"Radiant!" Philip told himself. "A radiant flame!" His mind went back to his childhood. Radiant was used as the treatment of cancer—it possessed wonderful curative properties and was a great blessing to medical science.

But it could also kill those who used it. Many doctors, he remembered, had faced a slow, agonizing death through administering radiant to cure people.

Was there in these radiant rays which are flooded the calm of the *Jurassicraft* a spelling up of that terrible poison? And why had he not been affected like his companions? Perhaps some people were not so susceptible to radiant as others.

Then, the terror again!

Two of the mighty yellow rays which had been sweeping round after their objective rested upon the *Jurassicraft* again, and the evil effect in the cabin was almost instantaneous.

Philip had to fight for every breath he took, his breathing becoming slower and slower, and he struggled to remain conscious. Death was waiting for all three unless something could be done. But what was there to be done? "Help! Help!—!" The words were choked in his throat as he felt the pain again.

He clapped his hand to his mouth and felt a taste of your death poison his palate. Flashes were coming from his eyes suddenly! Unconsciously he dragged his hand away, and in a fury of fear wondered why the flames could burn his hand like that and yet not burn his lips. He did not realize that the flame was actually caused by his own breath leaving his mouth and coming into contact with the yellow rays. But though he was sick and dizzy Philip felt no other effects.

Then an idea came to him! Out of the path of the rays, comes the deadly poison...

"The rocket!" he yelled, and the flames leapt further from his mouth.

He staggered over to the rocket-throwing apparatus and dragged over another of the twenty gleaming bows. Once more there was a tremendous roar as the third rocket was fired, again a great sheet of flame leaped out. The ship trembled slightly and plunged upwards with decided velocity.

"Thank, heaven!" muttered Philip. "We'll escape those deadly rays."

He was right. For as the rocket left the yellow glass vanished from the cabin and the flames burning in the mouths of all three went out like melted candles.

The Z Plan of the Red Planet

The air in the cabin became silent again, and feeling like someone from whom a treacherous interests pressed had been released in the speed of a moment, Philip gave a weak groan.

He went over to the silhouettes of two uncommunicative companions, but even as he did so a voice came threatening into the silence.

It was the same following Marcan mutter that he and his companion had first heard when Peter had discovered how to operate the radio machine.

The assumption of the voice was much the same as before—calm and collected, but carried by the Professor's monotone, being punctuated up with Marcan words and phrases. But there was sufficient English for Philip quickly to realize what was happening.

"The Earth ship has arrived," said the voice. "It has taken a suitable loop . . . direction of . . . Venus . . . change range of ears."

"However?" thought Philip. "They're going to change us with their ears?"

"What do you make range?" shouted the voice again. "Whoo!" The thousand thoughts—*"Whoo?" And therefore . . ."*—burst like a bomb out of the radio machine.

"Venus, sir! We have just landed Earth rays and distant in writing now to Earth." The operators were not let the Earth ship escape this time . . . and let the other range ray sweep up the hundred continents above the planet.

The voice stopped again. "The Professor's ears. What could he do now? Would there be any life in living off another world?"

"Not! Better wait," he decided. He went over to the cabin window and looked out.

Away in the distance slight yellow beams were sweeping across. His general instinct from the last that the distance appeared to be great.

"Perhaps, after all, the ray operators would not be able to find the range.

★ FACING DEATH IN SPACE

"YOU have failed again!" The voice spoke from the radio machine as clear as stone.

"The Earth ship is escaping . . . all space-time rays according to . . . Z plan."

What the Z Plan was, Philip of course, had no idea, but he good seriously into space, having to see the ray operator. But again, no reply.

"Then return! Z Plan has failed, carry me!" he said to himself as he went back to his companion.

The two men lying on the cabin floor were still unconscious, but as he bent down over Peter, Philip thought he saw the young scientist's eyes flicker.

Then he groped. The hands and face of his two companions were known—known as best. They seemed to have been known till they were like Indians.

"Here, Peter! Peter!" Philip roughly shook the unconscious forms.

The young journalist stirred, opened his eyes and gazed up vaguely at Philip.

"What? Where?" he groaned.

"Take it easy," said Philip quickly. "It's all right now. The rays have gone. I think."

At that moment, a yellow glare had illuminated the cabin for a second again, and Philip gazed fearfully at the crimson window.

"The rays—the rays from Mars!" Peter jerked out the words, and staggered to his feet. "Quack! Quack! the Professor's book. His tells you how to deal with them. I saw . . ."

The young journalist passed a hand across his aching forehead, then he laughed a brittle, nervous laugh.

"Gosh! Man, you sure yourself, little. Philip?" he said. "You've been makin' believe I'm dead. You look like a blooming flower."

"Take a look at yourself," returned Philip, as he searched around for the Pro book book of notes. "You look more like an Australian Aborigine—and you were breathing fire and lightning past now," he added. "Talk about a convincing trick!"

Peter had given over to Vicar when the Radio Rays scared a lot again.

The Z Plan had not failed. The plan was for all the Marcan rays to concentrate in one upward formation, gradually launching its beam until they reached the ship in one great gleaming plume.

The idea succeeded, and now the Marcan rays was caught again in a far more powerful glow of red-hot rays.

Unable to resist the deadly power, Peter gave another shriekish sob and fell forward over the body of Vicar.

Fish and shiny, Philip snatched fresh fish.

Thank goodness he could stand the influence of the radiation. If he stood out all day would go. He'd get it stuck if he got to haul these rotten rays.

"The Professor's note-book," he added. There he was, half under the body of

"ON THE AIR" In Your Own Home

Linking up Britain by Radio Telephony

RADIO telephony may be used to replace the telephone cables which stretch across continents and to transmit along the British Isles of the present experiments made by the G.P.O. prove successful. The first experiments and a radio link has been opened across the river of the River Severn between Cardiff and Weston, and it can make available 40 miles of calls going under the river.

The service will operate on the ultra short wavelength of five metres or very few波米.

And if the idea is extended Britain may have a network of radio telephones about its shores.

Telephone subscribers will obtain their numbers at the next rays, but instead of these voices being carried by wires, they will speak by radio and will be literally "on the air" from their own houses.

Vicar. Quickly he dragged it out, ear in a half gloom where flames leaping from the lips of his companion, then turned the page of the book in a frantic circular search.

The flames were at his own mouth as he found the page he sought.

It was bound loosely, "Boys," and had the usual small, almost negligible hand-writing of Professor Shadrack.

"Come here!" puffed Philip, the flames leaping out of his mouth as the violence of his utterance. "Way the hell couldn't he write so you can understand it?"

"Death rays . . ." he said aloud.

"How to deal with them. It is likely that . . ." he paused. "Likely what? the old fool. Likely that . . ."

He stopped sleepily as the big ship gave a violent turn and he looked nervously round.

Then there came a number of spluttering noises from under the floor of the cabin.

To cross their misfortune the robots were now firing.

The dissatisfied began to hoot and spin, and the note-book was long from Philip's grasp.

And now came the deadly rays still held the ship in their terrible glare.

Philip gave himself up for lost.

★ FIGHTING THE RAYS

SO silent were the ship's bunches that Philip, although he had managed to cling desperately to a bar of aluminum which the

Professor had thoughtfully provided in the cabin, could scarcely keep his balance. All kinds of oscillations and ticks of movement followed such of the violent rays fire, and apparently was being about. Peter and Vicar were rolling over the floor, and for a moment Peter came round and screamed really. Vicar was dead to everything.

Several minutes slipped before the ship came to rights again, but at last she became steady.

Philip took a deep breath. He was tired and hungry, and wanted vaguely that all three of them hadn't eaten for hours.

Then Vicar's long tone on this night-long journey. But he was feeling distinctly better now. Sunlight had helped—the rays had gone. Suddenly the scorching sunlight beat through the ship and their direct line of communication.

Philip went over to the observation window, and saw the rays marching with relentless persistence.

The sight of figures passing through space seemed to Philip to be moving more quickly than ever in a frantic endeavor to pack up the ship.

Once more the Marcan rays leaped through the landscape.

"Operators, you have lost the Earth ship again. It must be found and destroyed."

Philip switched the Professor's book from the floor and quickly found the page dealing with the rays.

"One is could it," he muttered to himself, as he perched over the book. Gradually he made out the words:

"Death rays . . . How to deal with them. It is likely that the Marcan, as older and probably more-temperate people than the Earth men, will attempt . . . destroy the ship by rays must get through millions of miles of space . . . My many years of study of Mars tell me you to believe this."

"Only man creates . . . my anti-electric ray gun makes in a thing they will surely use . . . Marcan No. 1 will do the same of my voluntary experiments have been on trial. These are also certain on the appearance, when they would be polished down and after the other with as interval of about three months function earth."

Philip read slowly over.

"The pulling of the first two vehicles should satisfy any human rays, and the other will hit the cable with my mixture of antiprotons and the secret plasma RX. That latter reaction should undo any harm caused by Marcan rays."

"A new hope in his heart, Philip looked around the cabin for the operating table.

"Where is it?" he asked himself.

Then his eyes fell upon a black box, fastened with abandoned screws to a corner of the cabin. It was closely masked in white, "No. 2."

He was over to it, and tried to open the lid. But it was locked.

"A dog! No, Philip had certainly never seen a dog anywhere in the cabin. It was probably representing as the pocket of Professor Shadrack back on Earth.

"You've got the range again." The Marcan rays came round onto the cabin. "From the rays on the Z Plan once more. Will get the Earth ship yet. Now that's better . . . all operations continuing."

A necessary task of yellow glass in the cabin confirmed Philip's fears that the ship was again coming into the range of the death rays. He'd got to get the box open, get to get the machine working. A mad idea. A screw-driver. He'd about, he goes all about his adventure book on Earth. He had been auto-cycling, and he always carried a machine workshop in his pocket. Shadrack's Peter complained of the rifle!

"He had went to his pocket, and he drew a strange collection of screws, nuts, spanners, "fenders," a spanner plug, and—lamps to prevent—a screw driver, small, but efficient.

Destroying the Death Rays



Phillip looked out into the wilderness of space and an amazing sight met his gaze. The fierce yellow death rays were ending in clouds of white mist, and all about the ship was a strange vapour.

Flinging the other tools back into his pocket, he put the screw-driver under the bed of the sea.

He worked feverishly, levering and fiddling, and then suddenly the lid flew open.

Another yellow ray had now found its target, and was playing on the cabin. Two more found the cargo a second later, and even while Phillip was fumbling in the box, which was really nothing more than a highly complicated switch-board, several rays of the deadly yellow beams passed through the cabin window.

Phillip picked up the book again and read the instructions aloud.

"Turn the first four switches over, allowing three seconds between each."

Desperately he did this, though by the time he had reached the third the effect of the freshly constructed rays was beginning to tell upon him. His head ached and his hand was growing numb.

After passing twelve bars, Phillip jammed over switches five and six, and then waited for whatever might happen.

"All the rays are now on the target," bawled the Martians exultantly. "Every thin strand and whisker of the Earth ship, Ray number seven . . . yes see off the target . . . switch over five hundred milliseconds to the right . . ."

Not only did Phillip hear this vital phrase in the dreadful context with the Martians; he also saw the evidence of its effect, for suddenly a huge and particularly powerful yellow ray came into being, and over the whole cabin was again under the hideous fire of all the rays.

Then, just as suddenly, the yellow glow in the cabin disappeared.

Phillip shouted again.

"It's worked!" he yelled. "It's worked!"

He went across to the cabin window and looked out.

What he saw amazed him more than anything he had yet seen on this already amazing journey.

The outline of the great yellow beams could still be seen, but instead of them being a fixed yellow as they had been before, they appeared to have turned into a white vapour which grew to density.

Great clouds of white poured up into space and swirled idly with tinges of yellow at the sides or edges of the beams.

In this great wilderness of space there seemed to be nothing but enormous piles of white vapour which twisted itself slowly into fantastic shapes and then, as it grew in density, vanished away into nothingness.

Phillip gazed in wonder at the black box—a single box indeed—and as he peered into it he was arrested by the sound of movement from one of his companions.

He turned to find that Peter was stirring again, and now Victor was shoving eggs of rice into a cellophane bag.

Phillip went over to Peter first, and shook him by the shoulder again.

"Peter!" exclaimed Phillip. "It's all right again. The old boy's back off the trip. The rays are finished."

Peter got up in his feet again.

"I say, Phillip," he said, "I must have been dozing. You had a terrible nightmare."

Phillip laughed. "You let you have?" he said.

Peter looked around him in a slightly dazed fashion and then his eyes fell upon Victor.

"Victor's all right then," he boasted.

"How did you do it?"

Victor yawned and stretched his arms. Then he looked about him, grateful to be now the known friend of his friends—blessed by the power of the radium rays.

"Woo," he said, "I must have been sleeping."

"You certainly have," grinned Phillip, and he then related the whole of the story to his astonished friends.

He was just concluding when another startling interruption came.

It was the Martian voice again.

"The Earth ship has escaped our death rays," it shouted. "But we will get them. Our people must never be revealed to the Earth people. We must keep them away at any cost. They bring only evil and disaster."

There was a pause, and all three listened eagerly.

The voice continued.

All the thought-wave stations will turn on to one hundred waves, which is the evil waves against which no living creature can survive. Every power station will come together . . . to prevent the death rays from striking the others."

What new horrors await the space adventurers? What miseries lie in store for the strength people of the Red World to meet? Read this exciting adventure in the next issue's continuation of Professor Lew's great story.

It went by Road, Under and Over the Water, and Flew in the Air

Submarine Road-plane No. 1

Out of a job, down to his last bean, John Hall learns that his Uncle has died and left him everything . . . everything!

★ AN OLD CROCK GOES FLYING

JOHN HALLS shook his head gloomily as he studied the "Streets" column. He had been out of work for some time and was thoroughly up against it.

"Not a job I could apply for," he moaned.

John had been a mechanic in a garage six months before, but had joined the great army of unemployed when the first real crash.

He turned to the "Personal" column of the newspaper. Somewhere there was a job advertised there. Desperately enough, he scanned it.

Sighing, he started to shake his head.

He had read his own name.

Tingling with excitement, he read the notice.

With John Hall, just heard of in New Haven, nephew of the late Septimus Hall, please communicate with the undersigned advertiser.

John read the notice twice. Only then was he convinced.

"Good lord, it must mean me!" he exclaimed aloud. "I'd forgotten all about Uncle Septimus. He was inclined to be well off. Uncle, I've got to see those relatives now as I possibly can."

His face fell when he read the solicitor's address. It was in a town right up in the north of Yorkshire. The fare from London would be nearly thirty shillings single.

John quickly pulled out his money box.

"Just under two pounds," he mused. "And that's every penny I can take up. I expect it'll be enough."

He decided to risk it, and within an hour he was seated in a north bound express.

It was nightfall when he arrived at Yeadon, the town where his uncle had lived.

The solicitor's office was, of course, closed, so John spent the rest of his money on lodgings for the night.

At nine o'clock next morning he was waiting outside the solicitor's office.

An office-boy answered him.

"Mr. Crowfield won't be here until ten o'clock, sir," he told him.

It seemed to John that the time would never pass. But at ten o'clock sharp and noise afterwards, Mr. Crowfield arrived.

He seemed a little surprised to find somebody waiting to speak him at this early hour.

"I'm John Hall," said John eagerly. "I'm the nephew of Mr. Septimus Hall, and I only saw your advertisement yesterday."

The solicitor blushed.

"For some reason my name causes him few qualms and he frowned.

"Yes, sir," he said slowly enough.

"Come into my office."

John obeyed and waited anxiously.

"I'm afraid I've rather a disappointment for you," began Mr. Crowfield slowly. "Have you come far?"

"From London," said John, feeling a sudden sensation of fear. The solicitor did not appear overjoyed to see him.

Mr. Crowfield led him in.

"A pity," he said, shaking his head. "It could have been much better if you had written to us first."



John was pleased that he was hard up and unable to claim any legacy left to him.

"There isn't any," said the solicitor coldly.

"The money your uncle left was hardly sufficient to pay for the funeral and to clear up outstanding debts. That's the reason we insisted that advertisement was to give you this."

He held up a key. John Michael it is.

"That is the key of your uncle's safe deposit," explained the solicitor. "What there is in the safe nobody can know. Your uncle spent most of his time in there during the last five years. He directed that no one should enter except his trusted heir. That is yourself, of course."

Convinced of a dreadful sinking feeling, John took the key. Instead of money he held before him—left—a motorcar.

"Maybe it contains something of value," said Mr. Crowfield. "But your own safe I hope is. Perhaps you will call back and tell me what the shed contains."

John promised, and it seemed that the interview was over.

A group of fire engines brought him to his uncle's house, but John scarcely gave the place a glance. In the far corner of the garden he saw a wild-horse steel carriage.

He inserted his key and opened the door. Once again his pulses were racing.

What would it find inside?

In less than five minutes he knew the worst. The shed contained nothing except a rather ancient motor-car.

John's aspect grew more gaunt by the second. It was an old-fashioned type, quite strong, but rather battered.

There were a number of strange instruments on the dashboard, but John thought they were odds of early motorizing days. He studied them but could make nothing of them.

He settled himself on the passenger-board. On as his uncle's legacy! He had come all the way from London to find nothing but an old crock. Probably he wouldn't get five pounds for it.

"I'll sell it," he thought. "I'll put it down there and see if I can sell it. I ought to get enough to pay my fare back to London."

He discovered that the petrol and oil tanks were well sealed and that the old car was boned. He hopped into the driving seat and tried his engine. It ticked over nicely.

"John can run the car," she agreed quickly as John got down the little drive into the road.

Hans John owned him now. She believed firmly. The road was wider now so he slipped into top.

He gasped. For something amazing had happened. The car had become like a wild thing. In a moment or two she was travelling at well over thirty miles an hour.

John took his foot off the accelerator pedal so though it was red hot.

His arms widened as宽. The speed of the car had actually increased. Desperately he tried to park his clutch lever out, but it would not move. He put all his weight on the foot-brake. It refused to budge. He tried the hand-brakes but it only snorted loudly in his socket.

The engine droned from his ears. He had to grip the wheel firmly to prevent the racing vehicle from crashing into the hedge. He thought his stars he was an experienced driver.

But what could he do now? He had told everything he knew to stop the car, but somehow it seemed that the controls had all passed. There would be a terrible crash when he met the fast vehicle approaching along the narrow lane.

At that very instant came the sound of an electric horn.

A car was coming round a bend not far away. Only by very careful driving could the two cars pass in the narrow road.

John's blood ran cold. And to make matters worse he saw that the other was a police car. His eyesight had already gone him, for a glinting suddenly appeared behind the windscreen.

"STOP—POLICE!"

John's brain failed. What on earth could he do?

Wonder Car Takes the High Dive!

It was then that he noticed the lower car between the two front seats. Perhaps this was the hand-brake.

He pulled it hard over.

The effect was a hundred times more staggering than anything he had yet experienced. Two fenders of James burnt from cyclone-baked seats sat at the back of the car.

And with those reports—the car rose into the air.

Like a rocket it went up, to pass the front of the police car by a matter of inches.

The police car swerved desperately and came to a stop with its breast in the bridge.

And John?

He sat behind the steering-wheel like a man in a trance. The car was actually flying.

He saw that sections above the mudguards had slid out to form small planes.

The noise had been worsened by one rise and fall.

The roar of John's engine had awakened him from his sleep behind the ledge. He took one look—and the old crack lay over the police car like the sun—and covered his face with his hands.

Then, jumping to his feet, he raced away across the field.

"I'll never touch another drop!" he wailed. "When I see nothers start to fly I cushion I've got 'em fed! I'll never touch another drop."

The wings that open and close again too roughly reports came from the rear of the car. It hurtled upwards.

John breathed again.

"I wish I could steer it," he muttered.

He had found that turning the steering wheel was useless. He just sat there, waiting.

His only hope was that he would come to a flat stretch of country where he could allow the car to come down. He would have to risk the crash.

Then he saw a gleaming expanse right ahead.

"Recess!" he snarled. "That's the sun."

He waited anxiously. There was nothing he could do.

Then again his speed slackened and the car commenced to fall. Giddily he pushed the lever forward and then dragged it back.

The long low reports came from the mudguards. The cylinders were probably exhausted. He was far below—he probably could before he reached the sea.

Suddenly the speed of his descent slackened. A low buzzing noise had started up underneath the car. It seemed to John the same sort of helicopter; doubtless this was a safety device which operated automatically when the car's altitude dropped too low.

John sat still, wide-eyed. There was nothing he could do but wait. Never and

never had his steering-wheel gripped. Racing along the road he swerved round and round.

Then he gripped.

Right ahead a long cut was driven up across the road. Evidently an accident had happened. A man lay stretched out in the roadway. There was nobody in or near the car for as he could see.

John saw that there was a bare chance of avoiding a crash. Between the granite walls and the cliff ravines there was a narrow gap.

He decided to risk it. It was impossible to take the car off the road a second time.

Wrestling the wheel round he headed for the gap. Straight through it he careered and there—the car was set on centre.

John had one glimpse of a streak of green as the cliff edge and then—the car fell loose. He could do nothing but cling to the wheel.

Already the car began to spin. Came the sickening sensation of falling.

Then a terrific splash!

She was under. John clutched on to his seat, but his head against something. In some amazing fashion a hand had closed over the top of the car.

He strode to open it.

"Curses! The child would not budge.

John stared round him—he had just realized that the shield was made of glass. He could see the green beyond, not a drop of water was entering the car.

The car was now absolutely water-tight.

John's hand reached. Would the wonders of this car never cease? He had not hit the bottom. Slowly he realized that another threshing noise had started up. It seemed that a propeller was working underneath the car and was pushing it through the water like a submarine.

John wiped the perspiration from his brow,

★ SUBMARINE ROAD-PLANE MAKES A CAPTURE

"I never get out of this alive!" John told himself, 1½-1½ hours after setting out. "Why no south didn't the old boy leave a note explaining what sort of a freak it is?"

Longing fervently, he began to examine the panes of instruments on the dash-board. One of them was labelled—An-oil.

His fingers closed over it. Care to push it? He must do something, for already the air in the car was becoming heavy. He would be suffocated unless he could get back to the surface.

He pushed like heck. It seemed to him that the car tilted a little but he couldn't be sure. Then he noticed that the water in front of the windshield was becoming a lighter green.

He was moving back to the surface.

A few moments later and the car was actually riding on the sea. Moreover, once the bottom had emerged, she began to lurch and wend, swishing along at a speed of something like thirty or forty miles an hour. The hood relented back.

John gripped at his steering-wheel, but it made no impression on the car's direction. It was heading straight forward, absolutely out of his control.

The reason John gripped so hard at the steering-wheel was because ahead of him was a small boat. The car, as it was going, was pulling towards a small trading steamer.

Slowly a cry went up from the boat. It seemed that the men had spotted the car.

It must have appeared to them to be some queer apparatus. A moment before, the whole appearance of us had been deserted. But now here was a steamer-looking craft—a craft that appeared to be a motor-car—hurting towards them at the speed of a fast train.

They realized that the car was heading straight in their direction—and that it was always out of their reach.

They gripped in their feet and waved furiously.



Missing the police car by inches, the strange machine rose into the air. The policeman gaped, the tramp gave one look—and went tearing away.

And, up above, the strange car was rapidly speeding away—becoming smaller and smaller until it disappeared in the distance.

★ WONDER CAR TAKES TO THE SEA

J OHN was in a state of panic.

He realized that the car was rapidly losing altitude, and it appeared to be losing speed, too. Unless he did something, or would crash to earth. But what could he do?

John looked wildly round.

"I'd better try that lever again," he decided hopefully.

Giddily he moved it forward.

The wings slid back. Instantly the car started to drop like a stone.

John pulled the lever back desperately.

Blissfully! Came a terrible shriek from the press. They skidded for a moment on the road surface, and then they had gripped.

John realized that the car was still in top gear and that all the time the rear wheels must have been turning at speed.

Road-Plane Takes a Passenger

When it was too late they tried to pull the boat out of the path of the car.

John closed his eyes.

The car lurched and he was nearly flung from his seat.

Opening his eyes again he saw that the car had driven right into the boat. He caught a vision of half a dozen men diving into the sea. Then the boat had gone.

It seemed that one of the men had been hit to death without resistance. In some queer fashion the heart of the car had picked him up so that he was sprawling across it. He appeared to be unconscious.

Once again John wiped the perspiration away from his face.

He was heading right out to sea. Unless he did something the car would go hurtling on until it piled over and he would then be at the mercy of the waves.

Suddenly he gasped. What a fool! What a fool! Of course! There was one certain way of stopping the car.

Steering forward he gripped the ignition key and snatched the key away. At once the car began to slow down.

The man in the boat, who was stirring now, was evidently recovering consciousness. John wondered if he was badly hurt. He need not fear.

Turning round, he saw that a large motor-launch had put off from the camp. He was engaged in picking up the two men the moment he had.

Then the man lying across the launch began to act in strange fashion. He ripped open the waterproof and appeared to be pointing beyond John. This was an experience of great horror upon his face.

John turned in the direction the man's finger was pointing.

He also of course that the motor-launch from the steamer was heading towards him. Standing in the bows was a man, and something gleamed in his hand. With a feeling of apprehension John realized it was a revolver.

For a moment he knew a sudden, overwhelming terror. Suppose now of the crew of the boat had drawn? In that case he was a murderer.

Above, without thinking he leaped forward and turned the ignition switch.

Came two terrible buck shots. Then the car was silent. It gathered speed with amazing rapidity.

But something had happened.

With the car had lost stationary the motion of the waves had swayed his right hand. As she started forward John realized he was heading back for the land.

The motor-launch young fellow in an instant was based down off.

"If I can get her ashore," thought the machine, "I'll be able to make a dash for it. The camp I'm out of the car and away, the better."

Cough!

The man in the bows of the launch had fired, and the bullet reached against John's shoulder. The outside of the glass splintered a little, but that was all.

John shuddered.

Grotesquely the windows of this surprising car were shattered.

Once again the man in the launch fired. He knew they had anticipated that the gun would bring John to his senses and cause him to stop.

Then the man with the gun turned and shouted something. He had evidently thought that John intended to run them down.

At this last warning the launch tried to reverse away. So violent was the movement that one gun barrel dropped under water. The other gun continued in a leap and missed at them who gathered on deck.

The car passed the launch by a long lead. She turned sharply and was soon treated by the launch, which made little or no impression upon her speed.

Looking back John saw that the launch was trying to pick up the men in the water.

John looked ahead again. He was still

carrying his round-looking passenger on the board.

Right ahead of him was a small bay. It caught the glances of sand. The car was heading straight for it.

"Come, I'll make my getaway now," announced John.

Some distance from the shore he switched off the engine. The car was carried forward by her own momentum. Then—she had hit the beach.

Thud!

She jerked to a standstill some ten yards or so beyond the water's edge.

John hopped at the door, and jumped out.

A hand fell on his shoulder.

"Very well," began a voice. "I—"

John realized he sat in the grasp of the man he had snatched from the car front.

He wriggled furiously. On the loose mad, however, he lost his balance and went down, carrying the thief with him. John was unable enough to fall afterwards.

"What a beauty!" gasped his passenger. "I don't believe you have. I am not one of that gang. I—I want to thank you."

John stared at him.

"Thank you!" he gasped. "What—what for?"

The other got to his feet.

John saw he was an elderly, white-haired man.

"Don't you realize what was happening?" he gasped. "Those men had kidnapped me. They were carrying me off to that racing-station. But for your appearance on the spot I should be on my way to America now. When you hit that boat I deliberately song myself across your launch. I'll never be able to thank you enough."

John was still looking doubtfully at the other when there came a shout from the direction of the sea.

Both men were scared.

At top speed the launch was heading for the break tap.

"We must get away," gasped the man John had rescued. "They're desperate men and they'd attack us nothing."

John gasped at this.

The car was braked in by tall diff.

There was no sign of a path which led away. They had no time to search for the right way. The launch would pass speedily within a few minutes and it carried men who were armed. John looked at the launch.

"There's only one thing left," he gasped. "We must take to the car again. I think I know enough about her to handle her safely now. Come on."

Into the car they tumbled. John turned the ignition key at once. The car jerked and the engine immediately stopped. Of course! He had left the gear lever in top.

Breathless, however, he hopped at it. Instantly enough it came out easily now. Presumably this was because the engine was not running.

Over seven miles long on the engine, John parked the boat once more. Immediately the car moved backwards. Quickly John maneuvered her until she was facing towards the sea. As the car careered into the water so did the launch was above.

"Now for it," gasped John. "Hurry the changes as fast as possible, Smith!"

Once again the strange car had become a veritable speedboat.

Presently John came the cross of resistance fire.

John's passenger dithered.

"It's all right," said John. "They can't harm us now. The glass is bullet-proof." The passenger was staring at the controls with boggle eyes.

"What kind of a break car is this?" he demanded. "It is a very dangerous or something. And where is it?"

"It's mine," said John. "I don't know that I'm particularly enthusiastic about it though. I may take charge of her the morning and you'll never believe the things that have happened to me since I set out

to take her down to a garage in order to sell her, and before I knew where I was I was up in the air. This isn't a car at all—it's a cross between an aeroplane, a submarine and a speedboat."

He frowned.

"But we're not out of the wood yet," he said. "I can't save the return thing."

His passenger started.

"Why not?" he demanded.

John wagged the steering-wheel and demonstrated that it had no effect upon their course.

"We'll get out of sight of the house," he said, "and as soon as that happens I'll switch off the engine. Maybe the waves will sweep her round so that she heads towards the shore again. When that happens we'll try to make another landing. I'm hoping to goodness our petrol supply will last out."

Suddenly the car ran into a single strand of water. It dipped deeply over a wave. As it did so John hunched and tried to steady himself by grubbing at the steering-wheel.

To his surprise that strand jerked the wheel partly out of the water. It was now about six inches higher than it had before. He reviewed this, and that the bottom of the car was rising round.

"However," he ejaculated, "I can steer her now. Something's happened to the wheel. Look!"

He brought the car round in a wide circle. Half an hour later John had run the car on to another strand of dried bank.

Getting out, John waded straight to the locker on the running board. Opening it he took out a banner.

"What are you going to do?" demanded his companion.

John gave the banner a preliminary swing.

"I'm going to wreck the engine," he ejaculated. "I guess I've the bottom chug in Great Britain at the moment. According to all the rules I should have been dead hours ago. I don't know how far out here somebody might come along and start her up. If that happens I'll probably have their death on my hands. I'm making sure that she doesn't get a chance to do any further damage."

The other caught his arm.

"Don't be so idiotic!" he gasped. "Don't you realize that in that car you're going to see of the wonders of the age? I tell you I know what I'm talking about. My name is Mr. Robert Reynolds. I'm a motor-car manufacturer and I want to see that car taken to my works so that I can have it thoroughly examined."

Suddenly John bent down.

Lying in the sunlight was a large envelope. He saw that it was addressed to him. Picking it up he slit it open. Inside was a small book labelled "Instruction for the Operation of My New Wonder Car."

John turned the pages.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "If only I'd read those instructions before I started. The operation of this car is as simple as can be. It really is a vehicle that can be used either as an ordinary car, an aeroplane, a submarine or a speedboat."

Mr. Robert Reynolds was quivering with excitement.

"You want all the sole rights of producing this car?" he said. "It appears that that attempt to kidnap me was one of the last stages that ever happened. It brought me in touch with you."

His face suddenly clouded.

"That reminds me," he went on. "The man who kidnapped me left my ashtray lying around on the road outside Longfellow, of course. God save what's happened to him."

John shuddered.

"But kidnapping in England is rather serious isn't it?" he said.

"As a matter of fact," he said. "This particular gang lately been operating in England [West] on top of columns out of pure profit."

THE STRIDING TERROR

WITH A LION as a Watchdog, a Fifty-Foot Man is at large in England. Once a small and ailing Child, he is now a Giant, and has come back to the Land of his Birth

★ THE TERROR MAKES A MEAL

FATHER Robbie came to an abrupt halt. He blinked for a moment as though he couldn't credit the evidence of his eyes.

"Look!" he gasped. "What on earth

has happened?"

But the two farm laborers who had stopped him down the road had not seen it all. These months were very open and their eyes were blinding.

"My happiness!" gasped Father Robbie.

"My happiness!"

He pointed his stick at a corner of the field. Here, the night before, had stood for large lambs. Now there was an acre of them at all. It seemed that somebody had taken them away during the night. All that remained were a few wisps of straw on the ground.

And then—*the farmer's face became as black as thunder.*

Glimmering right across the field lay a giant, who had because of his leg. The ribs had been broken up and the boy had been torned indiscriminately under a fat lamb.

For a second or two he was unable to give expression to his thoughts. Finally words burst from him.

"I doubtlessly must have a grudge against me," he cried. "This is an abominable punishment. If I were I had the power or power responsible."

After a short pause Father Robbie broke off.

The two laborers' surprise had given way to startled gape. For a moment it seemed to them that the man named of boy had been disturbed by a mighty thought. No word was breaking and yet the whole mass had started quivering and shaking as though it were alives.

Then out of the boy rose a mighty arm—such as arms like him, and his two hands had never possessed possible. It was immediately followed by another arm.

Then the boy was known in all directions and a man's head and shoulders emerged.

But what a man!

For as he set up his hand was level with the important biceps of a self-taught giant.

There was instant consternation from the laboring laborers.

"The Striding Terror!" they cried.

"The Striding Terror!"

Then they turned on their heels and would prancing away as hard as they could go.

Father Robbie saw the head of the huge figure turn slowly in his direction. That was more than enough for the Farmer. He went down the lane at top speed after his man.

He could almost be taking the Striding Terror. For that was the name the English papers had given to John Dexter, the Mighty Mountain.

The night before, the Terror had come across the highroads. He was wearing only coarse cloth and in spite of his laughable thin legs had struck cold. When he had seen the English he knew that he had come to his bed for the night.

To pull them down and make a bed for himself had been but a notion of a few

minutes. The Terror had slept comfortably that night.

For a few seconds a faint look had covered the giant man's eyes.

For the Terror had expected to find his self surrounded by mount. They realization came to him. Of course, he had escaped from the circus.

With that thought came a feeling of anxiety.

Would the clever make further efforts to capture him? What would the police at the circus do?

The Terror shuddered inwardly.

He was in a very difficult position indeed. Apart from the fact that he was nothing compared about man. His father had been John Dexter, the famous acrobat. Convicted that he was, he was giving up a wretched John Dexter had experienced on the boy's pitiful glands in an effort to make him tall and healthy. The experiments had produced astonishing results. At the age of two young Dexter had started to grow at an alarming rate.

Predicting that the boy was developing into a freak, and unable to stop his growth, his father had taken him over to a small mission school off the west coast of Africa. Here the boy had grown up to attain the mighty height of fifty feet.

A year or so ago his father had died, but with him death John Dexter had continued to educate his government son.

After his father's death the Terror had begun to feel his isolation. A strong desire to revisit England had come upon him.

Two months the world flew landing on the island had given him his opportunity. He had forced himself to convey him to England.

On arriving in this country the Striding Terror had been sickly. While lying stunned after a fall from the top of Big Ben he had lost one of the limbs of a crutch, and the copper fell had succeeded in dragging him with a very painful. However long when he had gained full responsibility for him and that fact had allowed the police to keep the Striding Terror under their control.

They had immediately exhibited him in an enormous circus tent, and from all over the country people had come flocking to see the strange phenomenon of a man fifty feet in height.

For the Striding Terror had discovered that he was being dragged, and he had managed to avoid taking my brother show.

The night before, he had broken the huge chain which had been fixed to his ankles and had made his escape from the circus.

He had taken with him the largest box in the circus baggage, and the Striding Terror assumed that this he should act as a watchdog for him while he was asleep.

That was the date of the first day of his new found freedom. What did it tell him about his last?

The Terror layed more deeply than ever.

As soon as he possibly could he ran to inform the people of England that he meant them no harm—indeed, nothing than that he was an ordinary, revised human being like themselves. All he wished for was peace

and to live somewhere in the country at peace.

He rose to his full height, and became conscious that he was hungry.

A loud sound came to him from a corner of the field. At least, it sounded faint to the Striding Terror, but actually it was the roar of a lion. The lion was raring at the base of a large tree in which the Terror had chosen it.

As the giant man approached the wild animal it sank back on its haunches and growled hoarsely.

The Striding Terror snarled.

"King of beasts," he said. Quickly bethinking down, he snarled the lion by the nose skin at the back of his neck and held it up before him.

The straggles of the spitting, chewing animal seemed only to amuse him. For the lion was no larger to the Terror than an ordinary housecat would have been to an ordinary man.

"Young fellow," he said, "you and I are going to be together quite a lot. You'll have to get to know me. If you believe yourself I'll feed some food for you."

He set the lion on the ground and then unfastened the chain.

Turning instead, the Terror saw a farm-hands.

Such a place would be likely to contain ample food for his needs.

In his girle the Terror carried two swords in the shape of accumulated field scythes—one of which was sufficient to satisfy his hunger for twenty-four hours—but he realized as might have greater need of these later on.

He shook his hand as he stepped into the doorway. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere. Evidently his hunting had been seen and the occupants had fled.

He laid down and passed through the kitchen window. He could see the border.

He knelt down and his hand reached to the door. His long fingers passed the small knot with some difficulty. Then his great arm had gone through and his fingers were closing on the handlebars inside the border.

Two minutes later a truly remarkable sight might have been seen in the doorway. For in a corner the lion was busy with a large joint of meat, whilst in front of the Terror were two enormous hams and a dozen large loaves of bread.

When the Striding Terror got to his feet and led the lion out of the doorway he left suddenly behind him, but just across looking house. On the household kitchen table, however, lay a six pound note. The Terror had left it in payment of the food he and the lion had consumed.

Resuming the roadway the Striding Terror passed. He had laid out what part of his country he was on. The only thing to do was to go forward till he came to a sign-post.

★ DESTROY THE TERROR!

SOME distance beyond the farm lay a stone road, and the Striding Terror strolled briskly along it. The lion was forced to run in order to keep up with him.

Presently, a long exposure. The driver sighted the giant man and there came a mighty, fierce snarling of boulders as the huge came to a standstill.

The lion also drew level and went racing madly toward the road, bellowed through the hedge, and they tore across the fields.

A crowd gathered over the Terror's face again.



He'd never realized that he arrived in England would cause such consternation. He could seize his first opportunity at making everybody understand. In peace no home.

He passed the time by reading his well-timed by a steep hill.

Now on the other side of the hill a small boy was slowly cycling, forcing the police round in a desperate attempt to obtain the boy without having to get off and walk. One rapidly his head was bent low over the handlebars.

Suddenly he looked up to discover how much farther he had to go. The expression that came into the boy's face described.

One moment it was a look of trepidation, almost apprehension on one's face—the next it was a look of sheer, undivided terror.

For something was rising above the crest of the hill—an enormous head.

Thus there crept into sight a pair of great shoulders.

The cyclist lurched in a startle and the newspaper fell from his bag in the road.

But the boy had no thought for his papers.

"The Striding Terror! The Striding

Terror!"

His boy found the words, but no sound came from them.

Thus he had gone running across the roadway to disappear amongst the trees on the other side. That scared boy ran as he had never run before.

The Terror stood down the hill, and slowly trudged upon the fallen boy. Just in the nick of time he saw it, and then he noticed the scattered newspaper snippets.

A look of delight came into his eyes. Newspaper snipped news. The whole of England

want be troubling with the exports of his country down the coast.

Snapping, he managed to pick up one of the papers. His large fingers found difficulty in opening the other pages.

To the Tower, of course, the words were exceptionally small, and he had to peer closely at the print in order to decipher it.

But the glaring headlines were easy enough to read.

THE STRIDING TERROR ESCAPES FROM CIRCUS. GIANT MAN LOOSE AGAIN."

Slowly he read a very highly coloured account of the way he had left the circus. Finally, he came across a couple of paragraphs printed in bold type.

What had seen the Striding Terror was heading north. Any person sighting him should endeavour to flag him on his way and to communicate the news of his appearance to their local police station immediately.

Questions are to be asked in Parliament about the Circus. Public safety demands that such a phenomenon as the Striding Terror should not be allowed to range the country at will. Measures to safeguard the populace being drafted immediately.

At ten o'clock this morning the B.B.C. will broadcast a message from all stations giving the latest news of the Terror. It is possible that the B.B.C. will also be able to broadcast the Government's decisions with regard to the Terror.

The Striding Terror looked up at the road. He had slept late that morning. From the sun's position it must be nearly ten o'clock. One thing was essential. He must try to return to an hour or so earlier—he must find out what the Government intended to do about him.

But how could he return?

He looked down at the cycle and the newspaper at his feet. The newspaper boy might have come from a small town or village. Even in a small village there were bound to be relatives out.

The Terror went forward with great strides again, so that the crowd that had been here was gone.

Presently, he passed along, he saw this house of timber. He was coming to a village.

Two minutes later he was standing in the village street. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere, but looking over the tops of the small cottages the Terror could see small dots passing across the fields. The village was both righted and cleaned out of the village as soon as the alarm was raised.

In the centre of the village was a building larger than the rest. It was the village inn. The Terror realized that the village was now almost bound to possess a public act. Would it be considerate for him to get at it?

He lunged himself on the ground and pressed through a tiny window. He forced himself looking into the bar partition.

Inside, facing him on the counter, was a wireless set. On a shelf at the back of the counter stood a clock. The Terror realized it only needed a minute or two to go.

He had no time to waste.

With his finger he deliberately tapped with the glass, and thus boldly pushed the frame out. There was plenty of room for him to stand. He was sure, and he did so.

Inside the Bridgwater Inn, however, everything there was to be known about wireless. Danier had not been one of the world's most famous scientists for nothing.

It was only with the greatest of difficulty, however, that the Terror succeeded in raising the bridge. He appeared to be incompletely Jimmy as he tried to operate the small device. But certainly the act would in life.

He got the connecting leads together again and the speech came through clearly. As prepared on this morning's paper, we hurried to give the nation the latest news regarding the Striding Terror. Information

The Terror Fires a Village

long time enough that he was soon early this morning into the village of Headingley in West Yorkshire. He had spent the night in a field adjoining a farmhouse. His extremely breathless arrival at the farm, for whom the farmfolk remained, they found that all their food-stuff was missing.

Despite himself the Terror smiled.

The thin voice continued:

"A special meeting of the Government is now taking place and the master of the Stridling Tower is under discussion. So far the Government's decision has not been made known. We understand, however, that there is much hesitation as to what is to be done about the gang. He appears to be an ordinary British subject, and as such is entitled to the full consideration of the law. He has no doubt nothing criminal, and, as a matter of fact, has already performed several noble worthy actions in public welfare cause serving in England."

"For the moment, therefore, we can only advise our listeners at Headingley to keep on the look-out for any sign of the Terror. We suggest that they endeavour to keep out of his way. We shall broadcast at intervals of a quarter of an hour until we know the Government's decision."

The Terror finished.

Should he continue to listen-in? It might be an hour or so before any further news came through.

"They'll probably make an attempt to round me up," he thought. "They'll probably try to have me arrested themselves. Well, if they come to seek me, I shall be only too ready to meet and talk to them. I can also convince them that I am completely safe. For the moment I don't think I need worry."

He withdrew his hand.

As he did so there came a sound from outside the bar parlour. To the Terror, of course, it was only the faintest of sounds and it failed to penetrate his consciousness.

Hearing it his full laugh, he picked the bar counter and continued merrily.

But that crash in the bar parlour of the bar had been caused by the falling of an oil lamp which had stood alongside the counter. It smashed on to the floor and a stream of oil poured in the direction of the fireplace, where a bright fire was burning.

Even as the Terror left the village so did the oil catch fire, and soon the bar parlour was a flaming cauldron. There was indeed in the village to raise the alarm. The inn was an old building and its ancient beams burned furiously.

When he had run some ten miles away the Terror turned his head and looked back. In the distance he saw a faint pall of smoke. He frowned. Somewhere behind him was a fire-breathing fire. He shook his head. Whatever it was, it had nothing to do with him.

He continued merrily.

The sight of the fire brought the villagers scuttling back from their hiding places. They gazed at the smoke in desperation. One half of the village was in flames, and there was no chance of saving it.

"The work of the Headingley Terror," they groaned. "The master's destroyed the village. Until then nobody's life or property will be safe."

★ MAN-MOUNTAIN'S VENGEANCE

THE Stridling Terror had not been the only person with a personal interest in the radio announcement that morning.

At Birstall's Circus every few men had gone to sleep after the Terror's departure.

Sam Blant, the publicity man, had arrived at like a madman.

"We can't let him go," he raged. "It's the biggest blight that ever happened to us. We've already made a small fortune out of him. If we try only get our hands on him again and keep him here for several months

we shall all be able to retire for good. We've got to follow him up—we've got to get our hands on him again."

So the circus had made preparations. A fleet of busses was assembled and a number of long lorries, and on the lorries were loaded great ropes, large nets, and several stout lances.

Sam Blant had been waiting at the railway station in order to get the first issue of the London newspaper.

"They're broadcasting a message at ten o'clock," he explained. "That will tell us where the Terror is."

No sooner did Sam Blant learn that the Terror had been seen last Headingley than he raced for the lot of motor-cars. He jumped into the foremost one.

"He's been seen at Headingley," he cried, and as he spoke he passed his check home. "We'll pack up now concerning him there."

The car disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the heavy horses snorted after them.

Nowing his head Sam Blant became conscious of a pull at shorts about.

"Loud, like boom," he ejaculated. "It's his bags. The Terror hasn't done any damage. If it is the biggest calamity is the safety of the Government decides to have him destroyed."

A mile from Headingley the circus van was stopped by a policeman. Sam Blant jumped out of his leather-coated automobile.

"Say," he demanded, "What's the idea? We're from Birstall's Circus, and who's after the Stridling Terror? It's our job to take him back to the circus. My name's Birstall Sam Blant—and I'm the man who's been given charge of the Terror and—"

"He means the word for you," the policeman interrupted. "The Stridling Terror does his best off late. He's been known to burn more than an hour ago and this is what he's done. He's set fire to every house in the village."

Sam Blant shook his head.

"It hasn't got," he said. "Why, on earth should the Terror be for the village?"

The policeman shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm no good at answering questions," he snapped. "The last reason we did not get him."

Sam Blant still shook his head. He had had time to do with the Stridling Terror that suddenly else in England, and not long ago realized that, apart from his bags too, the Terror was absolutely unarmed. There had been nothing unusual about him whatsoever.

"Where's the Terror now?" he demanded.

"The last we saw of him he was heading North," answered the policeman.

Sam Blant dropped back into his car.

"Well," he snapped, "we're going after him. If we can't get through the village we shall have to make a detour."

Even as he spoke he was looking at his machine. Suddenly he ran it halfway up the high embankment, driving his wheel viciously round as the vehicle slipped back to the roadway, and then with a final effort from his exhaust he was away.

There was no doubt about Sam Blant's plan as he determinedly drove.

They crossed the burning village to find themselves in a second-class road.

"We'll stick to 'em," raged Sam Blant. "We can go round in a kind of road circle. If the Terror sticks to the main road maybe we'll be able to cut ahead of him. If we can't do that, I'm sure we can fit him in just as he comes near enough."

This much became a wild straight race.

"If we do right this," he stopped, "we'll make no mistake about getting him. That's we've got him we'll never give him a chance to escape us again."

At a village fifteen miles farther on they heard that short quarry had been now walking along five miles to the left.

Sam Blant was losing ground with the owners of events. The goat was still keeping to the main road.

A further twenty miles brought them to

the next road west, and supplies in this direction showed the fact that no sign had been sent to the Terror.

"He hasn't got as far as this, then," muttered Sam Blant with satisfaction. "Assuredly, he is proceeding along one of the least-travelled stretches of road in the country. I don't think there's a single house on it. Had there been a town anything might have happened. The distance are he's still on the road and coming towards us."

Traversing some distance along the road Sam pulled up at the side of a small hill. In front of him the road dipped down into a valley. Picking up a strong pair of field-glasses, Sam climbed the hill, and began to sweep the country on the dipside from which he expected the Terror to appear.

Suddenly, far below him, he saw something moving amongst the trees. It was the Terror.

"Gosh," cried Sam. "It's only just spotted him as yet. He's passed off the main road and he's following that old Roman road. Thank goodness I know this district well."

As a matter of fact, Birstall's Circus had only recently toured this particular district.

At top speed Sam went back to his car, and he was with delight that the bags circus drivers were racing down the hill road.

"I've spotted him," he exclaimed. "He's passed off to the old Roman road. If we can get ahead of him we'll be right into his hands. Come on."

Once again the cars took part on a mad chase, driving recklessly through narrow lanes until finally they came out to a clearing which was crossed by a dusty, slightly broken road. This was the old Roman road.

"Put the car under the trees," Sam snapped. "This is where we get 'em."

The circus cars had been trained to work quickly. No sooner did the drivers arrive than they were immediately unmixed. The bags drivers were dragged to the side of the old Roman road and ridden amongst the undergrowth.

At the edge of the clearing where it was intersected by the road a number of men gathered up the bags carrying a tremendous net with them. Several others easily secured ropes to the bases of various low banks.

Sam Blant was busy too. He was buying a mass of steel rope in the saddlebag. A shadow depression was dug for it, the rope was laid tight inside, and then dust was scattered over it.

Hidden in the bushes, a number of men lay in the star and side of the rope.

Suddenly there came a cry of warning from one of the tallest men.

"He's coming straight towards us," it said.

Unconscious of any danger in front of him the Stridling Terror came on. He had taken to the old Roman road because he'd become weary of the seemingly endless main road. It suddenly occurred to him that the main road would actually lead to some big town.

At the moment the Terror was rather scared of large towns. There was no longer what sort of reception he would receive. He must keep to the countryside—the places where he would have plenty of scope to move. That was necessary until he knew what direction the natives had come to surround him.

With hoisted lances Sam Blant watched him approach.

"Would the goat set 'em just down in the centre of the road made by the rope?" It was actually true that the rope then the whole plan for capturing him, might come to nought.

A pull of rough-surfaced ropes caused Sam. For the Terror's feet had come right down to the very centre of the bushes once.

Now before the Terror had cleared all his weight from that log the men behind the other end of the single rope had held with all their might, and the centre and over the Terror's feet in fastened round his middle. He was powerless of a terrible jerk. Thus completely off his balance, he pitched forward.

The Capture of the Giant Man

Desperately he struggled and his hands to grasp at the tree-trunks. His weight was such, however, that the branches snapped like twigs and he crashed heavily on his head and shoulder.

Came a tremendous roar from the tree-tops and then the log-art had fallen. Fresh air came with a rushing. Each man knew exactly what he had to do and he proceeded to do it.

The ropes that had been tied to the tree-trunks were flung across the net. A number of men dealt with the steel however. These were flung over the giant's front frons.

The fall had dazed the Terror and for a full minute he was incapable of offering any resistance. This was ample time for the caravans to complete their work.

The steel however was soon fast, the ropes firmly tied and the giant net was securely pegged on.

The Striding Terror, his brain suddenly clearing, made an effort to turn over. He only half succeeded.

His face became black with anger as he realized what had happened.

The drivers who stood appalled at the efforts he made to escape. His strength was such that for one breathless minute they were scared he was going to succeed.

But they had done their job too well. The Striding Terror was trapped and for once his mighty strength was of no avail.

Rushing in was was safe than Black approached him. He stood and grinned alongside the Terror's face.

"Well, Terror," he said, "we've got you again."

The Terror looked at him.

"Why do you do this to me?" he cried. "Why don't you leave me alone?"

"Such think us bad."

"Why don't you be sensible?" he snapped. "You know perfectly well the Government won't allow you to wander about the country-side as you are now. You were quite comfortable with us at the circus. Why don't you make up your mind to come back to us without asking any favors. I assure you wait as long as you may with us you're safe. If you refuse, well—gentlemen only know what will happen to you. You'll probably be killed as a guide danger."

The Terror shrank back.

"I'm helpless at the moment," he said, "but I shall not be so for long."

He refused to make any further comment.

Presently Sam Blunt came towards him carrying a large basket of water.

"That fell son will have chaptered you up a bit, Terror," he said. "Here—take a swig at this."

The Terror's eyes narrowed.

"I'll take as much from you," he said. "You dragged me over and I'd give you no opportunity of doing so again. I prefer to go thirsty."

Sam blanched his shoulders.

"Please yourself," he said, "I don't suppose it's any great telling you that the water isn't drugged."

The Terror shrank back.

Sam put the basket down and walked away.

Once again the Striding Terror tried to leave his bonds. He knew that his position was desperate. From the signs of his capture would be broadcast. Signers would suppose like magic. Maybe, too, the Government would send soldiers. He must get away—and quickly. How could he?

An idea came to him. Sam Blunt must be feeling anxious too. He must be waiting to get him back in the circus. Maybe he could fool him if he pretended to play into his hands.

And suddenly the Terror began to groan. His groans as though he were suffering intense pain.

The sound of those groans brought Sam Blunt back on the scene post haste.

"What's the matter?" he gasped. "You didn't hear yourself seriously when you felt that you?"

The Striding Terror looked at him in dazed fashion. He seemed almost insensible of touch.

"It's my hand," he gasped. "It seems as if it's. My throat is burning too. I seem to have something in there. Water—water!"

Sam Blunt's eyes blazed wide with excitement.

"You've got room to lift your head up a bit," he said. "I'm not taking the risk of inventing a single rope. I'll hold the basket up to your mouth."

The Terror lowered up his head and shoulders a little way. Sam held the basket to his lips. Of course, quite a lot of the water in the basket was lost. But Sam's eyes glinted, for it seemed to him that the Terror had swallowed at least half of the water in the basket, and that water was very heavily drugged indeed.

Sam Blunt was determined to make sure this time.

"You've wasted half of it," he cried. "I'll get you some more."

As he turned away as did the Striding Terror full fast, and his hand lifted inches away from Sam.

A few minutes later Sam was back with another basket. The performance was suspended and the Striding Terror swallowed another half of the water. Sam was content.

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BUT NEXT THURSDAY . . . 25.

The Striding Terror had swallowed twice as much of the drug as he had when Sam had first administered it to him. There was no doubt about the Terror being in his power now.

A little distance away Sam stood and watched. Presently the Striding Terror passed to relax. Thus did approach him cautiously. He was all right.

The circus bands crowded round him slowly.

"The drug's made him unconscious," they said. "We've got him now. He'll probably sleep all the way back to Mayberry."

"I'm going to make sure," Sam Blunt said.

He raced to his car. When he returned he was holding a little fully a foot long. Sam pressed it over the giant's arm.

"I'm crushing this rat-like," he snapped. "I'll be damn if such we shall know that the drug has done its work properly."

Of course, pinching the rat-like is the arm with the knife was like pinching the arm of an ordinary man with a pin. Sam Blunt drove it in hard, but it produced no effect whatsoever.

"Squeezing the big berry," he roared, wedging his hand in underneath. "We'll get those ropes and harnesses out of the way and get this cursed the living day Jesus. I'm to it. We want to be away from here before any officials turn up to interfere with us."

The steel however were dragged away from

the giant's body and the ropes holding him down were loosened.

They had just unfastened one side of the net, when the Terrible thing happened.

For suddenly the tremendous frame of the Striding Terror became infused with life. His huge arms swayed out and swept the net away, knocking men over like dominoes. Two of them were song bird first against the top of a tree, and they crumpled up at its base, unconscious.

The Terror gave a roar of anger, and for a moment the men round him were paralyzed with fright. They could only stare. Why had the Terror awakened so quickly?

"Run for your lives!" came a frantic yell. "He'll destroy us all! Run for it! Run!"

Sam Blunt tried to rally them, but the Striding Terror jerked himself to his feet and Sam's arms were broken. With his free a mark of fear he grabbed his hat.

The Terror looked round and saw the line of horses and the paraded carts. His face was still working with anger, yet, at the same time, there was a faint glimmer of amusement in his eyes. For he had nowawards Sam Blunt so soundly.

He had only pretended to feel faint. He had asked Sam Blunt to give him water deliberately. Instead of reawakening it, however, he had held it in his mouth. When he had dropped back and his hand had lashed

Rocket Ships are coming

The rocket and space ships of to-day, and the designs for the rocket ships of the future, are put out and explained by the author in a special picture-story book.

sideways he had allowed the water in his mouth to flow out again. Of course he had felt the prick of Sam Blunt's knife, but he had simpered himself not to cause a tremor. He took out the huge forty acre, and with a mighty snort lifted it from the ground. Then he flung it down again, where it lay a jumbled mess of smashed mahogany and splintered wood.

Many one of the terrible things he treated in similar fashion, then he advanced upon the car. In easy fashion he lifted them high above his head to send them crashing down to earth. When he was through, the debris of the shattered fleet of cars littered the clearing.

The Striding Terror had made sure that Sam Blunt and the rest of the circus would be unable to follow him for a very long time.

Pulling round him rather anxiously, the Terror spied the horse, which had also been freed and was lying stretched up under a tree.

He freed the animal from the net and took hold of the reins. Then he looked in the direction taken by Sam Blunt. The voice went bawling over the tree tops.

"I warn you you keep out of my way," he cried. "Next time you interfere with me I will not restrain my anger to mere punishment."

Then with the last walking borke him he went striding out of the clearing.

The Striding Terror is soon again, with both mounted over him. There was a new stirring atmosphere in next week's gripping episode.



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